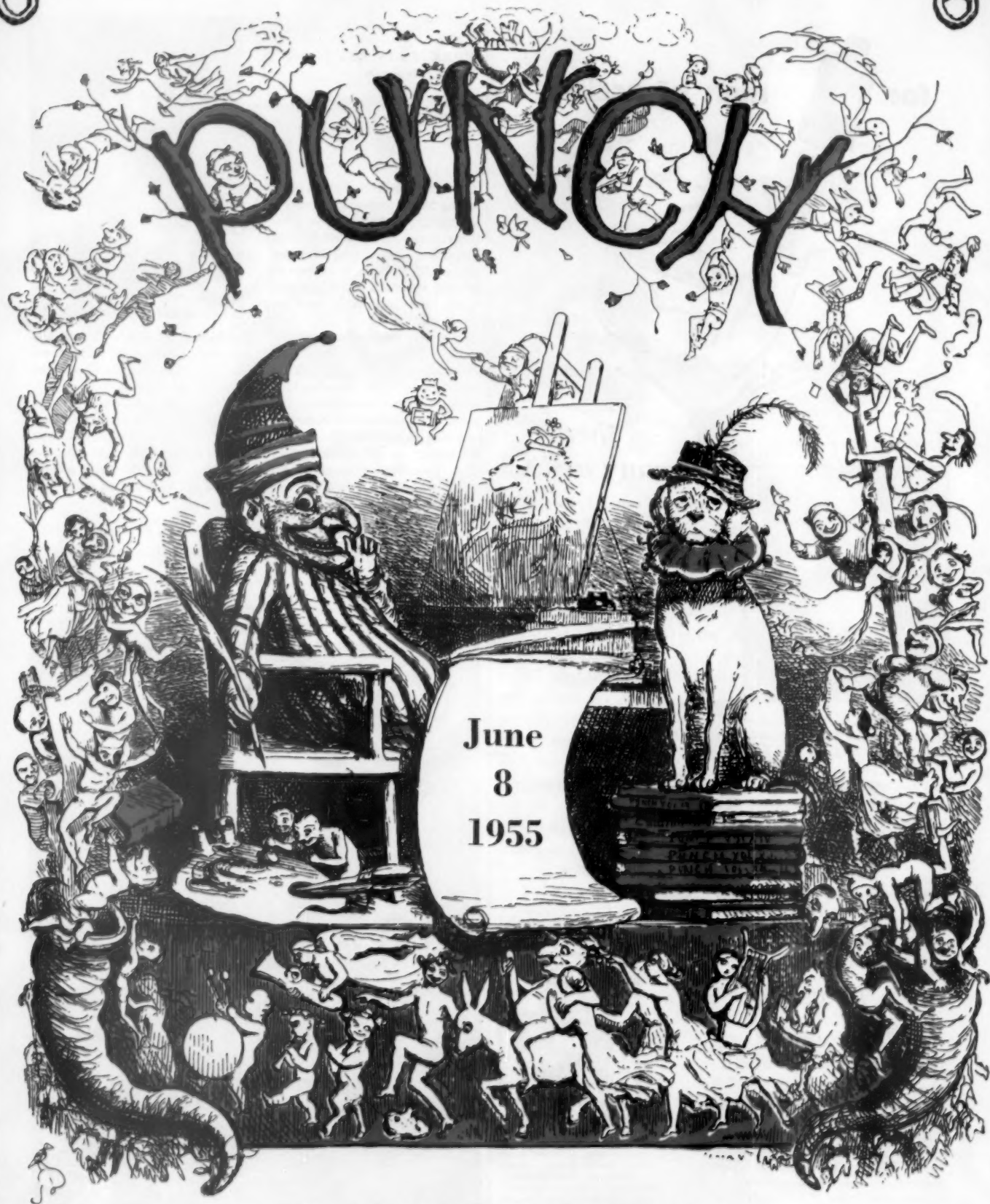


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PUNCH or The London Charivari—June 8 1955

6^d

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for men of action



there's
many a slip



MANY A SQUARE CUT jaw is soothed after shaving by Lenthéric. Incidentally, two boundaries (four and six) will buy you a handy-grip flacon. Study the score sheet at your stockist's.

LORDS approve Lenthéric quiet perfect grooming as well as Commons. There's a wide field to choose from.

quiet, perfect grooming

Lenthéric

Other items in the Lenthéric range for men include After Shave Lotion, "Tanbark" Cologne, After Shave Powder, Scalp Stimulant, Hair Dressing, Brilliantine, Lather Shaving Cream, Shaving Bowl, Men's Soap and composite packs, "Overnighter" and "Huntsman" Set. From chosen stockists.

who has reason to be grateful to Lenthéric. Whether you play for the County (or merely one of its villages) there's nothing which makes a man feel more manly than quiet, perfect grooming by Lenthéric.

Enables you to face the bowling—or the boss. Makes

you feel as crisp as a cover drive—and a very attractive fixture. You should take a short run to your nearest Lenthéric stockist—now.



"Three Musketeers". A well-matched trio for masculine freshness. Available in any combination of three, from After Shave Lotion, Scalp Stimulant, Hair Dressing, "Tanbark" Cologne, Brilliantine and After Shave Powder. Price 22/6.

WORKERS IN THE TEAM

Number II in a series

EVERY GOOD WORKER has a feeling for the tools and materials of his trade, whether chisel or bulldozer, wood, steel or concrete. That is how Irene Smith feels about her accounting machine. It answers to her will unerringly and at lightning speed. She handles it with an artist's pleasure.

Irene is in charge of a number of these machines and a team of operators whom she has trained. They work at head office, recording each week the wages and income tax payments of many thousands of men on contracts all over the country, and calculating all adjustments due. This centralised system, always punctual and exact, relieves the site



cashiers of much arduous work and ensures that the men's accounts are in order wherever their jobs may take them.

Irene's team and their intricate machines, and the men on the sites with their heavy plant, are all parts of one organisation working for one purpose—to get construction completed efficiently and on time.



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Building and Civil Engineering Contractors

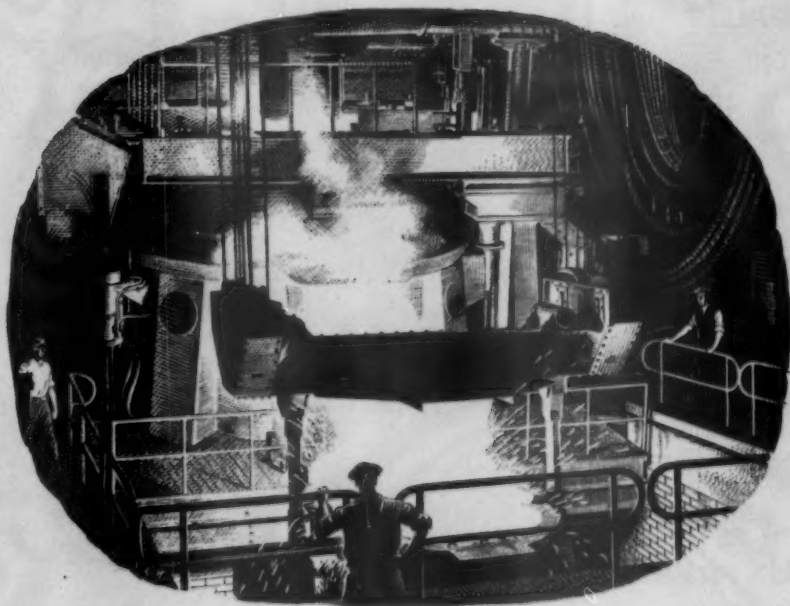
GREAT BRITAIN, CANADA,
UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA, RHODESIA



Punch, June 8 1937

118

*An electric arc furnace by Birlec Ltd.—and AEI.
The furnace shown requires electrical power of
15,000 KVA—sufficient to supply a town the size
of Harrogate. It is one of the largest in
Western Europe.*



In the steel works molten metal flows from the furnace. In the kitchen the food is cold and fresh from the refrigerator. Electricity is serving man. There is a connection between these events for the power is harnessed more effectively by equipment built by AEI Companies.

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The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co. Ltd.
&
Premier Electric Heaters Ltd.
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Sunvic Controls Ltd.
&
Siemens Bros. & Co. Ltd.
&
Australian General Electric Pty. Ltd.

*A 7 cu. ft. refrigerator by Coldrator—and AEI.
This refrigerator is shown in a kitchen equipped
and designed by Hotpoint.*



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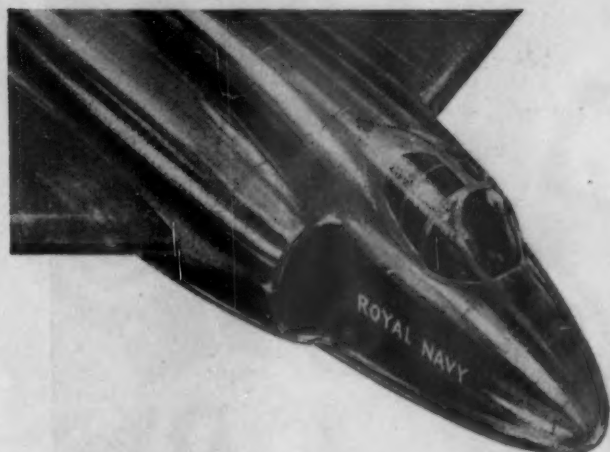
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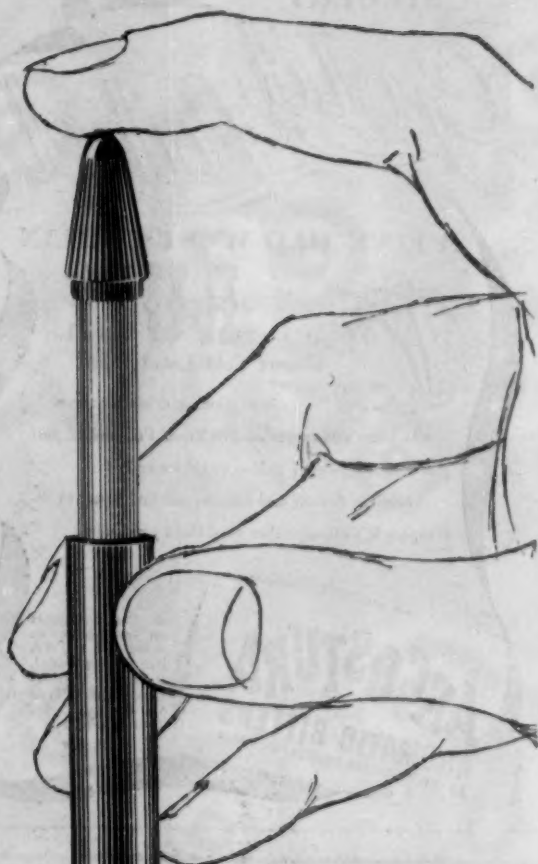


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all to pieces?

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STAPLES 'CANTILEVER TABLE'

has 100 uses in the Home

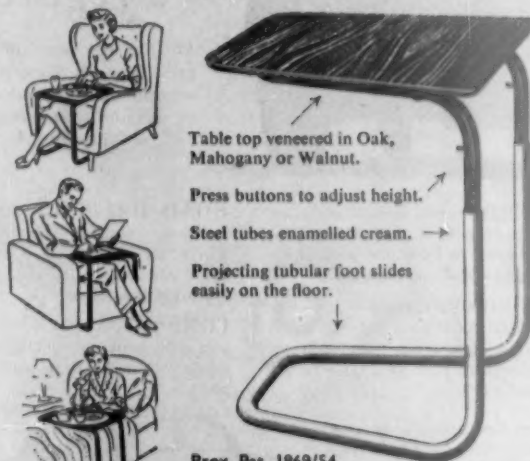


Table top veneered in Oak,
Mahogany or Walnut.

Press buttons to adjust height.

Steel tubes enamelled cream.

Projecting tubular foot slides
easily on the floor.

Prov. Pat. 1869/54

The table is adjustable in height
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PRICE **£3.17.6**

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"How long can a honeymoon last?"

For two weeks certainly. Perhaps even a life-time if they're fortunate and forbearing. And if they're still travelling they'll still be using Revelation luggage. It has such advantages.

The classic Revelation suitcase expands to take a fabulous amount. In the Rev-Robe (models for men and women) suits or dresses travel on hangers . . . and arrive fresh and creaseless. There's the expanding Week-ender, and the new flexible-frame Zip Bag which keeps its shape . . . indeed there's a Revelation for every journey.

Revelation luggage is light, strong, supremely well-made. Ideal for air travel.

The models shown are in 'Wine Stripe' fabric, blue-grey with wine-colour stripes and trimming.

REVELATION
suitcase (24") £12.12.0.

REV-ROBE wardrobe
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week-ender (20") £7.5.0.

REVELATION ZIP
Travel-Bag (21") £4.13.6.

There are also Revelation suitcases from 59/6, Rev-Robes from 92/6, Zip Travel-Bags from 32/6.

FROM STORES AND LUGGAGE SHOPS



REVELATION LUGGAGE makes packing easy!

REVELATION SUITCASE CO. LTD., 170 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1 (Agents for Revelation Supplies Ltd.)

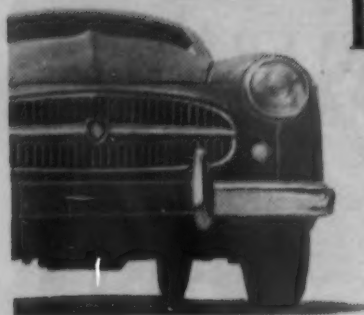


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All the resources of the great Renault factory are concentrated on producing this one outstanding all-purpose car.

SPEED. Engine improvements, including increased compression ratio, raise speed to 85 m.p.h. without increasing petrol consumption.

ECONOMY. Overdrive gives exceptional petrol economy—(28 to 30 m.p.g.). Removable cylinder liners (replacement parts at £15) save the cost of a rebore.

Contact our nearest agent for a demonstration ride and let the Frégate's performance speak for itself!

ROAD HOLDING. Amazing stability is ensured by independent four-wheel suspension — telescopic shock absorbers — first-class braking (2½" wide brake shoes).

COMFORT. A real Six-Seater with arm rests, heater, air conditioner and windscreen washer as standard equipment.



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'Look at those legs!

Not hers - his!'

'What? Where? Oh, I'm sorry. The trousers the fellow's wearing you mean. Yes, jolly good aren't they. Look like Foursomes to me!'

'Like what...?'

'Foursomes, my dear chap. Self-Supporting with adjustable tension at the waist. Almost self-valeting you know - the material is so firm-textured. And the cut is perfect - as you can see - that's why they hang so well. Wonderful value for money. About £5 a pair, if I remember rightly!'

FOURSOMES - in a wide range of Melange Worsted Flannels, Satin Fleece Venetians, etc. are obtainable from the best men's shops, in case of difficulty please write for name of your nearest supplier.

BENJAMIN SIMON & SONS LTD., Makers of High Grade Clothes, PARK LANE, LEEDS, 1.



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"THE SMARTEST THINGS ON TWO LEGS"



Any number of chairs and tables...

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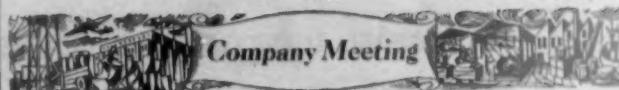
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the big
15
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Company Meeting

THE BRITISH OXYGEN COMPANY

GRATIFYING EXTENSION OF SALES

The 69th Annual General Meeting of The British Oxygen Company, Limited, was held on May 24 in London.

Mr. J. S. Hutchison (the Chairman), in the course of his speech, said:

PROFITS.

The Consolidated Profit at £4,736,856 after charging Depreciation of £2,189,618 shows an increase for 1954 of £411,881 which came directly from a gratifying extension of sales and improvement in earnings of our larger Overseas Associated Companies. In Britain, the growing business of the Chemicals Division made an additional profit contribution but considerably increased turnover of the Industrial and Medical Divisions no more than enabled us to meet reduction of selling prices in some spheres and to absorb increase of costs in others. There was little change in the Equipment and Electric Welding fields.

INDUSTRIAL AND MEDICAL DIVISIONS

In Britain, 1954 was a year of marked expansion in the use of Industrial gases. The increase in oxygen sales was again mainly in the larger quantity bracket and we have passed on the benefit of increased scale in price reductions and in absorption of cost increases.

Dissolved Acetylene and Propane have shown satisfactory sales increases in relation to their use as fuel gases with oxygen.

Argon maintains its rapid advance in popularity for special welding and other purposes where an inert atmosphere is of importance. Our policy of continual price reduction as use grows has helped to establish Argon in a very short time as a gas of considerable industrial importance. As expected, sales of the other rare gases again increased although the totals remain relatively small.

Sales of Medical Oxygen, Nitrous Oxide and other anaesthetic gases grow steadily and the criterion here, of course, is excellence rather than quantity.

OXYGEN SUPPLY POLICY.

Our policy is to make oxygen available to each type of user on the most economic basis, supported by a very progressive technical service and with reliability of supply. Four principal methods are used. Small, intermittent or scattered demand is met most easily and cheaply by supply in high pressure cylinders, and this is a daily supply service. Larger demand on one site is met more conveniently and more economically by the installation of liquid oxygen evaporating equipment in customers' premises, which gives great saving in transport, and in handling when the oxygen is piped to the points of use. This second method caters for quantities of from 20,000 cu. ft. to 2,000,000 cu. ft. or more per week. In the third case of greater use again, increased convenience and balance in economics are afforded by a supply pipelined direct from a nearby oxygen producing works which may be directly matched to use by the simple opening and closing of a valve. Lastly, where there is a really large continuous use in the chemical, steelmaking and gasification industries for example, a case arises for the special siting of an oxygen production plant in proximity to the main point of use, and we have several such projects in hand. At this end of the scale oxygen is measured in tons and when a ton of oxygen is 26,000 cu. ft. and a "tonnage" oxygen plant may produce 100 tons or 200 tons or more of oxygen per day, seven days per week, it will be understood just how soundly the economics of such a supply must be based and the value there is in our long experience in the problems involved in such cases.

PROSPECTS.

In the main Industrial Gas field in Britain costs are still moving against us. We know that we shall have a large increase in sales but this will lie mainly in the very large quantities category which is accorded the keenest price basis. These very large additional supplies too are drawn from costly new plants which require time to settle into their due place in the general economy of our nation-wide organization. I do not foresee therefore any great change in the results of the Industrial Division during the nine months' period to the new balancing date on September 30, next.

Equipment manufacture and Electric Welding interests are governed by notable increases in costs and improvement is likely to be gradual rather than quick.

The Chemicals Division should maintain its as yet modest contribution to our profits despite the sharp Continental and other competition its various products have to face.

Our Overseas Companies continue to enjoy favourable conditions. Last year, I suggested, correctly as it turns out, that there might be some improvement Overseas—this year I am sure there will be.

Overall, there are many features of encouragement and I look to a favourable result in 1955. Our whole business to-day is entering a phase of wide development, full of opportunity, and I have great confidence in the outcome. A development phase, however, can be an expensive phase, and I am sure it is wise to take a prudent view about the improvement in results to be expected—at first.

The report was adopted.

NEW MOTOR OIL GIVES AMAZING TEST RESULTS

80% LESS ENGINE WEAR

with the new
BP Special Energol

'VISCO-STATIC' MOTOR OIL

**UP TO 12% LOWER
PETROL CONSUMPTION**

HERE IS ONE of the most important discoveries ever made in car lubrication — BP Special Energol is a new kind of motor oil which actually reduces cylinder bore and piston ring wear by 80%. And that's not all. It saves up to 12% of petrol too, gives easier starting and lower oil consumption. It is for use in all 4-stroke engines in good condition.

The result of this saving is that cylinder wear is no longer the limiting factor in engine life. As a result your engine will give at least twice the mileage before an overhaul is necessary compared with any conventional motor oil.

BP Special Energol 'Visco-static' is as thin when cold as the lightest grade of lubricating oil now sold. Yet it is as thick when hot as the grades normally recommended for

summer use. This special property means ideal lubrication at all temperatures using only this one grade of oil for all engines and seasons where S.A.E. grades 10W to 40 are normally recommended.

'The Dangerous Five Minutes'

Research shows that most of the wear on cylinder walls occurs in the first five to ten minutes after each start from cold. This is caused by the



THE DANGEROUS 5 MINUTES

For 5 to 10 minutes after every start from cold your car suffers more wear than in 6-7 hours continuous running. This is with conventional premium grade oils. But BP Special Energol completely prevents this heavy starting wear. It means 80% less engine wear in average running conditions.

abrasive products of acid action which play havoc with cylinder bores and piston rings when the engine begins running.

Conventional oils are powerless to prevent this wear because they are too thick when cold to flow freely and wash away the abrasive particles. But BP Special Energol gives full oil circulation from the word GO. Compare the remarkable difference in starting wear shown in the graph on the left. These are actual test figures.

How an oil reduces petrol consumption

With conventional oils extra petrol has to be used to overcome oil friction at all times except when the engine is fully warmed up. By reducing oil friction, BP Special Energol makes big savings in petrol — up to 12% if you do a lot of start and stop running and between 5-10% on normal running.

How to use BP Special Energol

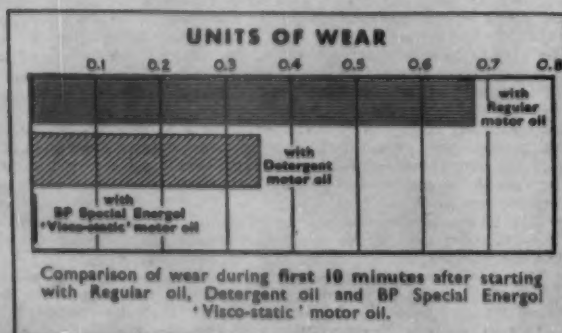
BP Special Energol should not be mixed with conventional oils. The sump should be drained and refilled with the new oil and this should be repeated after the first 500 miles. Future oil changes should be after the normal mileage recommended by the makers of your car.

When not to use BP Special Energol

If your engine is worn and will shortly need overhauling, do not use BP Special Energol. The normal grades of BP Energol are still on sale and will help your engine to give the best possible service until it has been overhauled.

Your garage manager will be glad to give advice if you are in any doubt.

BP Special Energol is obtainable at garages where you see the BP Shield. It is coloured red for easy identification and is sold in sealed packages.



SPECIAL ENERGOL 'VISCO-STATIC' MOTOR OIL IS A PRODUCT OF THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED

Visco-static is a trade-mark of The British Petroleum Company Limited



HUMAN behaviour is full of compensations. Though the railwaymen may have shown themselves careless of the common good, at least the dockers and stevedores declined to unload the cargoes which might have proved too much for the goods trains that weren't running.

Moment of Mounting Tension

RETURNING not only as an exile come home but a national hero bearing the hardly-won prize of Tunisian autonomy, M. Habib Bourguiba received a welcome which Caesar, Bonaparte or even Len Hutton could almost have envied. Escorted into the Gulf of Tunis by a flotilla of launches, received by a prince, borne shoulder-high for an audience with the Bey, dazzled with flags and deafened by the plaudits of a grateful people, his triumphal progression will go ringing down in history's pages—especially if they miss out the bit about his having to abandon his broken-down motor-car and do the last two miles on a horse.

No Lip-Smacking, Please

PRODUCTIVITY is the thing, as all are agreed, though some may discern altogether too self-satisfied a note in the publicity blurb for the annual report of



H.M. Customs and Excise, with its announcement that the revenue collected last year was £1,773,000,000, "which is more than five times the pre-war revenue."

Absent Friends

No attempt was made in the Press to explain the significant hush greeting Mr. Khrushchev's speech of regret, in

BB

Belgrade, for Russo-Yugoslav differences caused seven years ago by Soviet "provocateurs and enemies of the people." It could have been a silent but misplaced tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Beria.

All Well

GENERAL relief will greet the Ministry of Labour announcement that an Industrial Health Advisory Committee has been set up to "further the development of industrial health in work places." This suggests that strikes may in time be reduced to a point where there are enough people in work places at any one time to make their industrial health worth bothering about.

Dumb Friends Note

It was only right that at a time when man was not making too good a showing, last Tuesday's emaciated newspapers still found space to report that "left-handed cats are twice as common as



right-handed cats" (*Daily Express*), "a fresh egg for breakfast will help a dog's nose get black again" (*Daily Mirror*), "she had just had her bath, was wearing clean rompers, and was far and away the daintiest little chimpanzee I had ever met" (*News Chronicle*), and "he (*an Irish setter*) is probably the holder of the high-altitude climbing record for domestic animals" (*The Times*).

No Time for Comedy

It seems proper to give the widest possible publicity to the *Radio Times* announcement that "The Critics" will, from the end of this month, go back to their old Sunday broadcasting hour of

ten minutes past twelve, and that their two o'clock spot will be once more taken over by an old resident, "Gardeners' Question Time." It would never do for the listeners in rural areas, who have for so long looked forward to two o'clock on Sundays for their biggest laugh of the week, to switch on and find without preliminary warning that they are in for fifty serious minutes.

Good Old Get-together

ALREADY there are favourable omens for the Four-Power meeting, and a substantial degree of solidarity exists on the question of where it should be held.



Britain, America and France are unanimously in favour of Lausanne, while Russia unanimously prefers Vienna.

Colour Problem

THERE is to be an inquiry into who started the rumour that Jamaicans were being recruited in Manchester to break the dock strike. It seems obvious that it originated with a cry of "Blackleg" somewhere.

And Now—"Ben Hur!"

The flight from the movies is on, according to Hollywood gossip, and many actors and actresses are seeking their fortunes on the smaller screen. Some of them, it is said, have expressed a wish to make television films for this country—forgetting, no doubt, that they did this about twenty years ago.

No Sweat, Tears, Laughter, etc.

NEW outbursts of indignation at her own industrial inefficiency continue to come from Russia, with savage

exposures of top-heavy bureaucracies, old machinery and incompetent management. Even in the world of entertainment there is no escape from the critical flail, and *Pravda* last week accused Russian clowns of not being funny. As to this, however, it's a pretty tough assignment entertaining audiences who don't even think that *Pravda* is funny.

Catch In It

THE A.S.L.E.F. branch secretary at Derby, clearly delighted at the stream of men deserting the N.U.R. to join his organization, explained to a newspaperman what had brought them in. "They pay a shilling entrance fee," he said, "a tenpenny contribution, and a penny for a membership card. Then they stop work and are entitled to strike pay." Of course, he must be prepared for some to ask for their money back when they find that this isn't *all* they have to do.

300 Years Pass

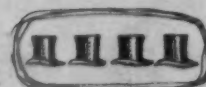
I LONG (wrote Vaughan) to travel back
And tread again that ancient track
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train.
*Alas, poor Vaughan! even the track you
seek
Is blocked with motor-traffic all this week.*



"By one of those odd quirks of memory,
Sarge, the only new names I can
remember are the two Sinn Feiners."



PLEASE, NO CRICKET-BELTS



IT was all very well for the Russians and the Yugoslavs, after their little outings round Belgrade, to issue statements about improved relations, mutual respect and all that, but anyone with an ounce of perception knows that a fatal coolness sprang up between them from the moment they got off those cracks about each other's clothes. Mr. Khrushchev's party, it will be recalled, accused the Tito faction of "dressing up too much"; called it "bourgeois formality" when they turned out in white ties and tails, brilliant uniforms or morning coats and sponge-bags. Well, even the most punctilious host can't take much of this kind of thing, and Tito's lot lost no time in disclosing their contempt for the baggy old brown suits that kept coming down to breakfast (and even to dinner) with Gromyko, Popovic, Bulganin and Co.

From this it was only a step to malicious whispers of "Look at Little Lord Fauntleroy" from the Russians, and "Here come the dustmen" from the Yugoslavs. The whole project was doomed. You can't make any really amicable headway with a man who is eyeing the gold stripe down your trousers and making a mental note to release its measurements to Tass.

That boat trip in the Adriatic was probably the last straw. It was no doubt planned with the best intentions in the world by Josip Broz ("The Toff") Tito, who hoped that the sparkling waters, the balmy breeze from the Dinaric Alps, and the cosy companionship of seaboard life would soften up Nikolai Alexandrovitch ("Sack-suit") Bulganin for a few informal concessions. But no. When you are driving about Croatia in a state motor-car it is easy to overlook eccentricities in the other man's costume: knee-breeches and cross-garters, like worn toe-caps and trailing suspenders, are mercifully covered by rugs or sandwich-wrappings. On a boat things are different. You get too close to each other, which is no doubt what Tito discovered when he sought to abandon the usual ocean-going small talk about capitalist hyenas in favour of more profitable topics. There he was, touching elbows with Bulganin as they leaned together over the gunwale, and

the chance of an informal word was ripe. He turned impulsively to his guest. "I was wondering," he began . . . and stopped. His medals had clanked sharply, his epaulettes had blown out in long golden streamers, and the face of Bulganin, over its frayed collar and lumpily-tied tie, was a mask of disgust. "You were going to say something?" he asked icily, totting up the brass buttons down his host's torso. "Er—no." Tito dropped his gaze. "Only that you've got your umbrella caught in Popovic's turn-up." And that was that. Improved relations and mutual respect had had it.

No doubt some people will think this is all very funny. Not so. As anyone knows who has donned full evening dress to travel to Glynedebourne in a compartment full of home-going plate-layers, there is nothing like disparity of costume for fixing a gulf that cannot be bridged. It is high time that the whole question of diplomatic clothes was gone into and rationalized, and we should be grateful that its significance has come to light before the impending four-Power talks, and not at them or after them. There is still time for the minor officials now ploughing through the preliminary arrangements to give proper consideration to the sartorial side, and it is to be hoped that a high degree of priority is allotted to it. Because once you get an occasional table at Geneva or somewhere, with Eisenhower's golf cap, Pinay's beret, Bulganin's astrakhan shako and Eden's well-known speciality lying laughably side by side, you might as well touch off all stocks of nuclear weapons and have done with it.

As for any mooted boat trip, the organizing genius who scuttles up the gang-plank with four pairs of white ducks just before casting-off may well save the world.

J. B. B.

That's All, Nurse

"There can be no denying that pharyngectomy with replacement of the oesophagus and pharynx by colon, involving as it does a major abdominal operation with two intraperitoneal anastomoses in addition to a pharyngolaryngectomy and block dissection of the neck is a procedure of considerable magnitude."—*The Medical Press*



WITH ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO BRITISH RAILWAYS



"...and hurry..."

The Anomaly

By CLAUD COCKBURN

AS you so rightly say, the whole thing is an Anomaly, and (let me just merely add), than an Anomaly few bits of social equipment are handier. This multi-purpose gadget can be used for exposing, denouncing, facing the undeniable existence of, and demanding that an end be now put to.

While very, very definitely mirth-provoking, it is fitted with a full-size Serious Aspect and, in experienced hands, can be readily employed to prove a wide range of useful propositions. Don't forget, either, that any time your Anomaly begins to show those unsightly wrinkles you can join with thousands of satisfied users in the colourful old ceremony of Anomaly-abolition.

Which is about where we are getting to in this subject we are discussing, namely the business of the Irish Sweep, world's biggest lottery and an attested

Good Thing, so how come you can get anomalously fined for playing two-penny pongo?

Or, if anyone thinks this an oversimplified statement of the position, let me put it this way: news from Ireland is that things are moving in such a way as may shortly give a small, perceptible tilt to the whole gambling situation west of the Elbe, with Ireland achieving (a) Anomaly-abolition on a big scale, (b) More and more clean fun and games, (c) More and more tourists dropping all other plans to come over and get (b).

Care to go back a bit and see the whole thing in historical perspective? You can have fun that way, and the extra cost is negligible.

It is naturally nearly impossible for to-day's youth to imagine what this world of ours was like in the days before there was an Irish Sweep. Yet there were such days, ay! and your rugged

forefathers lived in them, carving their path through the untamed jungle of anti-gambling laws, often a prey to the savage attack of deadly Goo-goes, hearing at night the blood-chilling howl of the Grundy, yet ever holding fast to the faith that some day, somehow, a Sweep would be.

The pulse quickens at the inspiring memory of the Liechtenstein Pioneers, that little band of zealots who said the heck with not being able to run a lottery in Ireland just because nobody has repealed the laws the English put on us, why not register the whole enterprise in law-lax Liechtenstein and get a move on?

Which they more or less did, and pretty soon they had built up such an Anomaly that the Irish Government of the day had to start abolishing it by legalizing a national lottery, and you had the Irish Sweep.

There were those—I am afraid you get that stamp of person in every country—who tended to say “Well, that’s done,” and put their feet up, as though the whole issue were now in the bag. What they had—if only momentarily—forgotten was that line about General and Statesman Cæsar, described by Poet Lucan as *Nil actum credens, dum quid superesset agendum*.

But clergymen of all denominations, anxious to run a little lottery in aid of the repair of the apse, hadn’t forgotten it, nor had secretaries of sports clubs in need of funds, nor, above all, the Men Who Keep Ireland Happy—the travelling showmen who help prop lapsing apses everywhere, and mend the goal-posts, by rallying round with the necessary dodgems and merry-go-rounds and a twopenny pongo game on the side.

“Remember,” all these people said to one another as they laid out the housey-house equipment in the booth behind the revolving boats, “what Lucan said about Cæsar not believing anything had been done while something remained to do. There’s a lot of anomaly-abolition still to be done.”

Naturally, these travelling showmen are not in business exclusively for the purpose of helping out with charity fêtes and galas. Like showmen everywhere, they put on shows at all sorts of times and places where people pay to have a Fun Fair. And the fact is that although pongo, bingo, housey-housey and penny roulette are anomalously illegal, when a showman, churchman, or sportsman needs to pull in some real money, what he has to do is organize games of penny roulette, housey-housey, bingo and pongo.

(In case anyone imagines the words “real money” constitute some sort of exaggeration or hyperbole, it may be stated on expert authority that in Ireland, between one St. Patrick’s Day and the next, more money almost certainly passes at pongo, etc., etc., etc., than is ever handled in the same period by the organizers of the multi-million national lottery.)

Next to the hush which falls upon the course as thousands of heads are bowed over the race-cards while the loud-speakers announce the runners in the next race, about the most reverent atmosphere you can find anywhere is that of an Irish pongo game. (It is only fair,

however, to note that there are Americans who claim that in the United States an even greater earnestness prevails.)

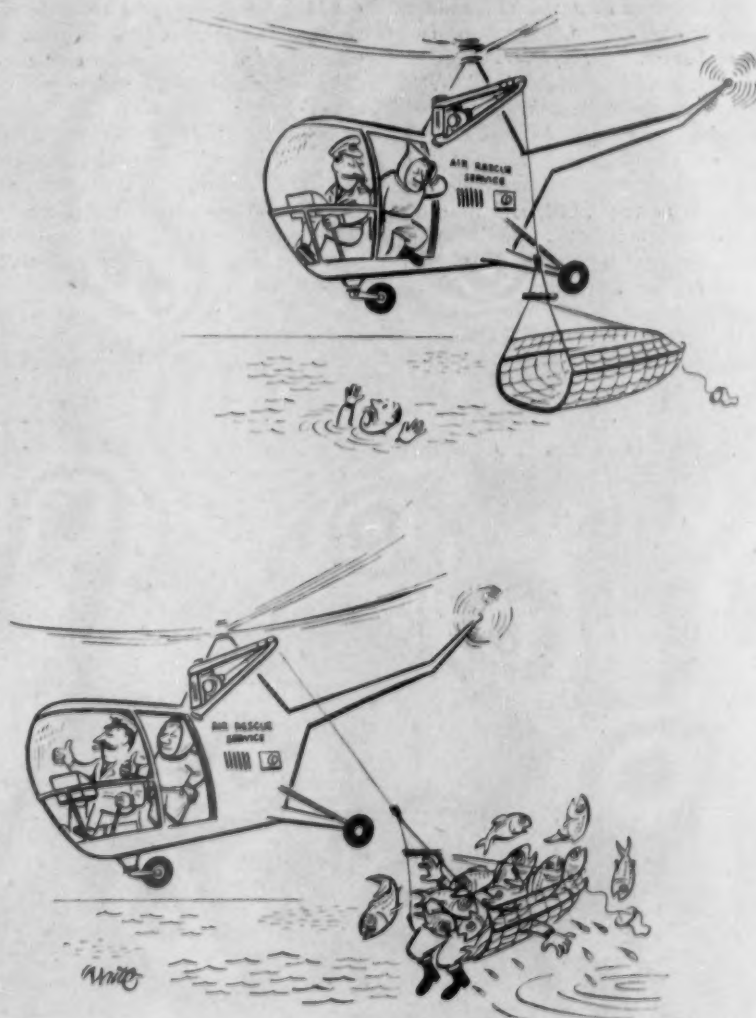
Outside, the wilder element may be screaming on the dodgems, but here, in the tent, booth or hut where the solid citizenry are gathered for pongo, there is a breathless quiet as the man calls the numbers which may turn a twopenny stake into five shillings. Also, everyone—including, of course, the showman—is having a lot of fun, with the exception of such civic-minded persons as are suddenly overcome with an intolerable sense of guilt at the thought that they are breaking the law, and rush remorsefully from the tent to the nearest betting

office, where they can legally put their winnings on a horse.

Just after the war the pongo situation suddenly showed signs of getting out of hand, and the consensus is that it was the Italians who were responsible.

It seems that after the downfall of Mussolini, Liberation of Rome, and so on, Italy found itself with an overpopulation of spivs, many of whom, unable to stand the fierce competitive pace down there, headed for Dublin, and the first thing they did when they got there was to start opening pongo games all over the place.

And not very nice straight ones, either. The results were disorder, bitterness



and indignant complaint from people claiming they personally had been lured, by the mere multiplicity of available pongo games, into playing more pongo than was good for them, or had been shamelessly rooked by Romans; or else that these misfortunes had befallen their husbands or wives, with consequent squandering of housekeeping money or beer money.

As the years passed, things got so bad that the Government thought it had better stop just standing there, and do something. Clear-cut orders were therefore circulated to the police authorities throughout the country stating that illegal gambling games were now to be considered as more illegal than ever, and that, as from the end of that year, they must be treated as absolutely quite entirely illegal—not, in fact, allowed at all.

People said "Unworkable" and "What about the apse and the football club?" and they were right, because a little later the clarifying news from on high was that lotteries which were small, in the sense of very small, and were for charitable, benevolent and kindred purposes, were to stay utterly illegal, but would be, in the smaller sense of the word, permitted—though not, of course, on the same basis as the big Hospitals' Sweep, which was different.

Thoughtful Observers—including a couple of members of Government—now noted that we seemed to have gone back to having even more Anomaly about than in the old Liechtenstein days, and they were emboldened to start saying that what with the Sweep people pushing books of tickets at you over every counter, and—on the other hand—hardworking showmen in danger of fine or imprisonment for pongo, something ought to be done about changing the gambling laws.

This was bold because, although in Ireland people gamble at least as much as people anywhere else, there are possibly more people ready to jump out from somewhere and denounce anyone who wants to monkey with the anti-gambling laws as an agent of the Devil, seeking—in pursuit of some long-range, sinister purpose—to undermine our unique spiritual values and turn Kilkenny into a replica of Las Vegas, Nevada.

To which the Thoughtful Observers replied (a) Nonsense, (b) We have a vast deal of gambling anyway and the only question is whether it is to be clean and controlled or not, and (c) Why shouldn't tourists and others have some fun of this kind and thus be encouraged to come and help us prosper?

Onlookers thought this sort of thing

could go on for years, and then nothing would happen. To their astonishment the Government, which until then seemed to have been watching developments through half-closed eyes, suddenly turned out to have been thinking hard about gambling all the time, and just before Easter whipped out the text of a Gaming and Lotteries Bill 1955 which, at one swipe, would abolish a list of old anti-gambling laws as long as a wet afternoon.

Slot-machines and such would be wiped out altogether, but, for the first time in history, "gaming" was to be permitted, though under some very strict controls.

Showmen were just starting to rejoice when someone said "Look, it says we can organize 'gaming,' but not lotteries. Which is pongo?" Some said "Game of chance, of course," and others said "Suppose some policeman or judge thinks it's a lottery?" In a state of agitation, showmen from all over the country dropped fair-ground preparations for Easter and dashed to attend a mass meeting at Kilkenny whose principal purpose was to get the Government and the Dail to make a solemn declaration that pongo, housey-housey, etc., are Games of Chance, and would thus be legalized under the Bill.

Optimists—not too wild—believe that by the time the Bill is through the Dail we shall have a situation where the small gambler can have as free and agreeable a time in Ireland as in, say, Belgium. Some day, they said, we may even have some little casinos dotted about the country.

After all, they said, remember how once upon a time there wasn't a Sweep, and now there is, so why wouldn't we demonstrate once again the folly of that English belief that Irishmen positively like and cherish anomalies, whereas the fact is just that a lot of the time they are too busy thinking of something else to get around to abolishing them?



"Ugh! Ambrosia again!"

Just One Catastrophe After Another

"It had been one of those days, and Richard Brown sank into his chair. 'Anything in the news, dear?' and Mary answered from the kitchen. '... What? Oh, sorry, I was dreaming—no, nothing much—Egypt, Mau Mau, that new hydrogen bomb—I didn't quite catch it all—Mother rang up in the middle—wants us to go to tea on Sunday.'"—Church Times



Don't Go Down the Dive, Daddy

By LIONEL HALE

AS was exclusively forecast in *Hamlet*, the London theatre has now become "an eyrie of children." Wicked brats are our heroes and heroines: juvenile delinquency is our theme. The bold, bad baronet of Victorian drama would have turned pale at his modern successor—the flaxen-haired little tot of *The Bad Seed*, for example. These little eyases, with not one pair of thick black moustaches among the lot of them, think nothing of roasting the hired man alive in the wood shed.

"These," said Rosencrantz gloomily, "are now the fashion." Frustrated, love-lacking, dogged by evil heredity, the moppets litter our stage. The younger ones use catapults, and the 11-plus graduate to cyanide. Meanwhile, the adult actors fill up the corners of the stage, talking psychology and feeling terrible. With their fingers itching to twist the necks of their juvenile colleagues, they have to speak of the Child's Deep Necessity for Love.

The Minister for Education is

seriously alarmed for the young; and so is Equity (Adult Sub-Section) on behalf of its members, those fully paid-up and fully grown-up. I am accordingly at work on a play, provisionally entitled *The Daddy Delinquent*, designed to restore children to the role of innocence. It will be Father, as in real life, who is the problem.

ACT I is the Nursery. LITTLE CEDRIC is on the rocking-horse. LITTLE PRISCILLA is sewing a sampler by the window. LITTLE JOSHUA is building a house of bricks under the table. BABY is in the cradle, which LITTLE PRISCILLA occasionally rocks with her foot. All is quiet, peaceful, and sunny.

LITTLE CEDRIC (rocking): See how beautifully Dobbin gallops! Remember, Priscilla, remember, Joshua, that the horse is man's true friend. We should never spur nor strike him.

LITTLE PRISCILLA: Oh, no!

LITTLE JOSHUA: That would never do, certainly.

BABY (happily): Cool!

A door slams outside.

LITTLE C. (stopping rocking): Hush! I think Father has come home.

They listen. There is the sound of a champagne cork loudly popping.

He has.

LITTLE P. (loyally): Of course, he is tired and needs refreshment.

LITTLE J.: After a long day's work in the Thity.

BABY (satirically): Cool!

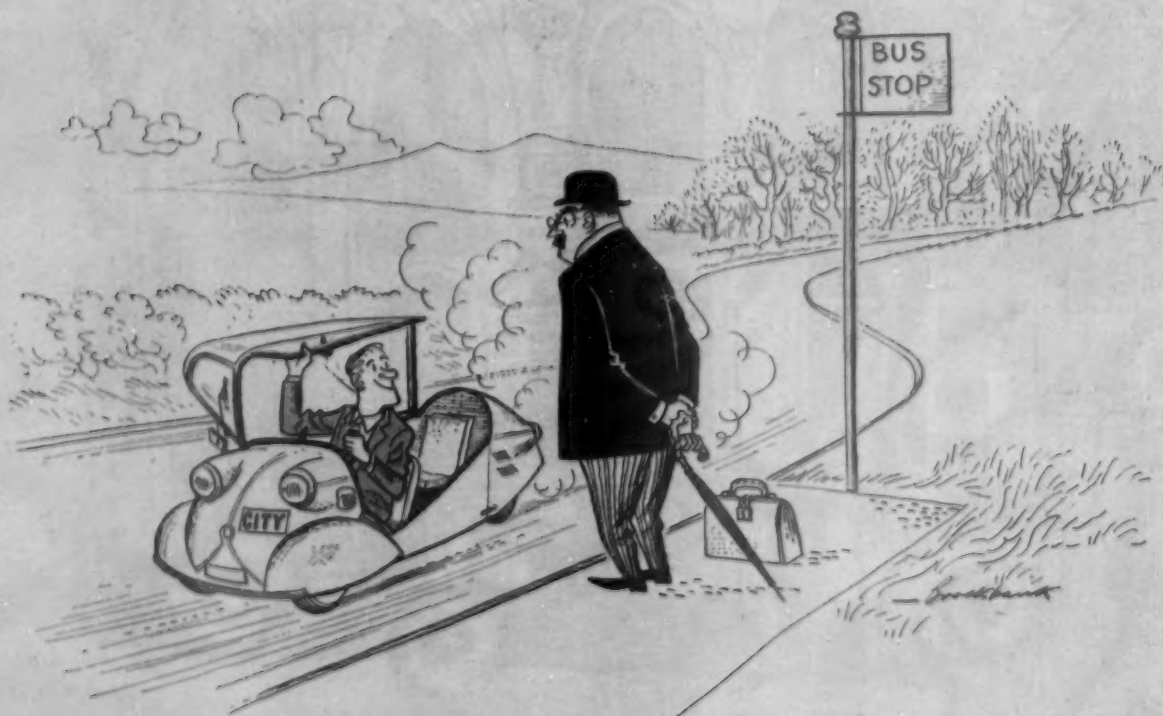
A feminine scream, off, and a sound of feet running upstairs in panic.

LITTLE C.: Alas, dear sister, Father seems to have alarmed and upset Mary the parlourmaid once more. He is always trying to kiss her.

LITTLE P. (earnestly): Brothers mine, we must not judge Father harshly. Is it not our duty to help Father by understanding him? Oh, let us all try to understand Father!

LITTLE J.: I think that I underthtand about him and the parlourmaid. Thurely it ith thimiple. Father only needth Love.

BABY (smacking his lips): Cool!



FATHER enters, champagne in hand and smoking a long, black cheroot.

FATHER: Well, you snivelling little beasts?

LITTLE C.: Father, we want you to know that we all love you. Whatever you do, you are *wanted* here. The world is not a harsh nor a hostile place. We all know that somehow you have a feeling of insecurity. You feel thwarted. Would it help you to break up my rocking-horse with this axe?

LITTLE P.: Or throw my sampler on the nursery fire?

LITTLE J.: Or kick over my houth of brickth?

FATHER: Yah!

He smashes up Cedric's rocking-horse with the axe, throws Priscilla's sampler on the fire, kicks over Joshua's bricks, and exits, laughing maniacally.

BABY (faintly, under the cradle covers): Cool!

The seasoned playgoer will have no difficulty in guessing that the Problem Parent goes from bad to worse. By the middle of Act II, Father is in trouble with the police about an out-of-date driving-licence, has driven all the servants out of the house, and is neglecting to shave. At the beginning of Act III, when there is nothing but dry bread in the larder and the water has been cut off at the main, the children buckle bravely to the problem.

LITTLE C.: Brother and sister and dear, dear Baby, hungry as we are, we must recognize that Father is hungrier still—for something or other. But for what?

LITTLE P. (*chewing an old flannel*): First of all, let us realize that it is not his fault. It is we—somehow, somewhere—who have failed Father.

LITTLE J. (*wisely*): True. There are no bad parenth; only bad children.

LITTLE C.: Dear ones, I am ashamed. We have not been reading the Good Book lately.

LITTLE P. (*producing it from under her waistband*): Here it is—our treasured copy of *A Manual of Mendelism*.

LITTLE C.: Read us that passage of comfort.

LITTLE P. (*reading in a reverent tone*): "Dom-in-ance is due to the presence of the genes de-term-in-ing a char-act-er-ist-ic, where-as the re-cess-ive



cond-it-ion is due to their ab-sence." There is an appalling crash of breaking glass.

LITTLE J.: Hark! Father's geneth are thertainly acting up thomething terrible.

LITTLE C. (*peering out of the window*): Alas, he has just thrown the postman into the greenhouse!

Yet this same postman brings salvation. Discovered in the ruins of the greenhouse is a letter from Aunt Prudence. She discloses that Father in his early youth had a strong attachment to the local vicar, whom he wished to imitate in every way. The children see all in a new light; and their way is clear. In a scene both touching and powerful, Cedric and Joshua hold Father down, while Priscilla changes his collar back to front.

This works wonders. Through the children's love and understanding, Father has once more become Dear Old Daddy. In an instant the baker and the milkman have called; and the family sits round the fire, happily sharing a huge bowl of bread and milk.

The summing-up of the play, and its final line, are left to Baby.

Baby says "Cool!"

"The people look poor, and the buildings dirty and dilapidated . . . the villages are sad with streaked and faded paint. The climate has its dark side too. You never see a pretty girl in Sicily. The young women stay indoors, but they are not a race of beauties, anyway; perhaps there is too much Arab blood. And the men are short and monkey-like. I must say some of them have a nice, sour sense of humour."

Daily Express

Need it, sometimes.

Christening the Commons



AYS Canon Morrison, "I'd been advised
That rather more would have been Un-
baptised.

Most of 'em, whether on the blue or buff side,
Were here with Clifton Brown (now Bishop
Ruffside).

And, when they come without undue profanity
To renounce the World and all its pomps and
vanity,

A still, small voice can't fail to murmur 'Steady.
You've done all that some fifteen times already.'
And yet the World, that vain and pompous place,
Goes on at very much its usual pace."

But even the highest tide must somewhere ebb,
Put a Foot wrong or fail to weave a Webb,
And flotsam yields two very steady stickers,
A Mr. Taylor and a Miss Joan Vickers,
While what raah Tory told us on the sly
That South-west Norfolk never would say Dye?
But Lancashire (sad statisticians yearn)
Is the one place that's always on the turn.
Voting quite differently from how they planned,
It holds the balance in its horny hand.

To make quite certain I'd not been mistook,
I looked the passage up in Rupert Brooke.

Made of cobble-stones, born of cotton,
Unforgettable, unforgotten,
Now Lancashire's of all England
The Shire for those who're Undermann'd.
There're meads t'wards Haslingden and Huyton
Where *ist verboten das Betreten*,
And let a Tory catch who can
A Greenwood or a Silverman.
(Ah, God, to see the Branches stir
Across the Docks at Manchester.)

But weather was not jolly voting weather,
So, though they swung, they did not swing together.
And therefore, if you look along the pews,
You'll find it's very much the same old Crews—
Same Peters, Johns and Jeans and Doubting Thomases,
All making much the same Baptismal Promises.
But at the least give reverent thanks to God
For one Return, beneficent but odd,
The Arch-Detector was himself detected.
The Electronic Man was not elected.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS





Off the Beat

By J. MACLAREN-ROSS

(For Nevil Shute, from a fellow ex-Serviceman)

SHE was a good big hefty wench, with a nice friendly grin and no fal-lals about her at all. I liked the way her nose shone. It was the sort of nose you could sit across a desk from, day in, day out, without its taking your mind off the job in hand. I knew she would make a good secretary right away, which of course was what I needed, for a fellow without hands can't very well work a typewriter; and, besides, dictating helps me to get the words down more or less as they come to me, which I find helps the readability along. I do not set up to be a fancy stylist, as I've said elsewhere; but merely do my best to actually tell a story, as opposed to writing one. This may be why they call me a Prince of Storytellers; though naturally the "Prince" part is so much rot.

I cannot deny, however, that the latest Australian *opus*, *A Place Called Tararaboomdiay*, wasn't getting on as fast as it should. Poor Sal did her utmost; she filled my favourite pipe, stuck it between my teeth, and lit it for me, but still the stuff, that day, just refused to flow.

"What do you think's lacking, Sal?" I asked her finally. "The patriotic note? No, the Queen's Dominion Visit takes care of that. Misfortune stoically borne? Well, what about when the rabbits overrun the farm, and the gallant kangaroo . . ."

She said "Want me to tell you? Honest Injun? You've left out the war."

"But young Tim goes for a Burton over Berlin."

"That's only an incident. Oh Norman, don't you see? All your big

successes, beginning with *Flat Spin*, were books about the war *itself*. That's why they sold, and go on selling. Because for most members of the British public, those days really *were* their finest hour. The black-out, the raids, the queues, the shelters, helped bring people—total strangers—together in a sort of, oh I don't know, camaraderie, and it's that spirit they can only recapture by reading about it. Why, you yourself had your uniform edition bound in khaki. Mean to tell me you never wish the dear old sirens could wail again? Or wake up and hear Jerry overhead?"

She stopped abruptly, her cheeks flushing red. It was the longest speech I had ever heard her make, and I could see she was panting with sincerity.

I said quietly "Too true, Sal. But

look"—I nodded towards the shelf that housed my books—"I've been through nearly every branch of the Services already—*Wizard Prang, Up the Spout, Hush-Hush, The Deep End* . . ."

She grinned suddenly. "I know one you haven't. C.M.P.s. Don't worry. I haven't forgotten the D.B. effort, *A Prison Make*, about the Glasshouse padre who was a kind of saint. No, I was thinking of the Distaff jobs."

I said, after a pause, "Is that what you were in? The Women's Provost Corps, or whatever they call them now?"

"Me? No. I was an A.T.S. P.T. Sergeant. You know. In the gym. But I had a buddy—" she paused, and her nose shone with seriousness. "It's a long yarn," she warned me. "You see, Norman, to me this girl was—well, a sort of heroine."

"Maybe the very thing I'm looking for," I said. "Attagirl—I'm all ears."

Senior Sergeant Jane Pebble, R.W.M.P.—or whatever the corps is called (I didn't make a note of it at the time)—was the daughter of a porter at

some college in Oxford, who had worn himself to a shadow in order to send her to a posh girls' school where they even taught Department. Not that Janey was ever much good at that sort of tripe. She was better at hockey; it was stopping the ball with her nose when she was playing in goal that made them take the cartilage out and caused the other girls to call her "Butch." There wasn't much of the shadow about Janey, whatever her Pa may have been like. She was a strapping, brawny piece even as a kid, about twice Sal's size; the kind of girl that carries a good, honest smell of dog and horse about with her, and that every decent clean-living Britisher really loves in his heart. When the Hitler war broke out, naturally she was ra'ring to do her bit; especially as Pa had dug out his 1918 Sergeant-major's Service-dress, joined the L.D.V., and started cleaning the musket his O.C. had issued him-with. One day, while he was doing this, an old charge dating from Balaclava, that was hidden up inside, went off and blew his head away; but by that time Janey, who had joined the

A.T.S., was too busy training to be a Regimental Policewoman to feel like blubbing for more than a few seconds when the news came through; but, of course, she was too brave to shed any tears in the end. Soon she was doing guard-duty at a big depot—that was where Sal first met her—with her red armband on (I think), and putting the fear of A.F.B. 252 (if this is what they call a charge-sheet in her mob) into any A.T. improperly dressed: even by so much as an undone bootlace.

Janey was no respecter of anyone; she would not think twice about chewing up any male personnel she

saw doing any prejudicial to G.O. and M.D., and once, when a gunner private suggested what she could do to herself, she gave him such a biff on the earhole that his side-cap flew off right under a bus. Of course it was not long before she had a pair of white-blanced tapes sewn on either sleeve, and got posted to M.P. Headquarters in London where—I believe—the girls attached wore service caps with red tops and were allowed to put paint and powder on their faces; though Janey scorned to do anything so cissy. Sal lost sight of her in the meantime for a bit; and when they did manage to get together on their seven days, Jane had already picked up with this chap she called Frenchy. They'd met one night in the black-out, when Frenchy had perhaps had a few drinks and a bunch of spivs had set on him seven to one. Janey, of course, hearing the sound of a scrap, piled in right away; and between them they soon had the spivs beating an inglorious retreat. Not that Frenchy could not have managed it on his own; for he was apparently very strong, and when he and Janey wrestled together—in a friendly way—on their day-passes, it took him only about fifteen minutes to have her securely pinned. Janey told Sal he was the only man she'd ever respected; because, being such a brawny girl, no other male had been able to master her in unarmed combat. Frenchy, it stands to reason, was not really a Frenchman—Janey wouldn't have touched anything like that, however Free he might have been; it was just a nickname she had for him: Sal couldn't remember, or never knew, why. She never saw Frenchy herself; it seemed he had some terribly Top Secret job to do with H.E.; in fact he was really a kind of top-rating civilian expert, though they'd put him into Army uniform—a major's, Sal thought Janey said.

He was always being posted or disappearing on these hush-hush parties; and Janey worried terribly until she saw him safely back, although she'd too much grit not to keep a stiff upper lip about it. It was during one of these absences that poor Janey dropped a clanger. She was made up Senior Sergeant by then, and was on her beat or patrol one night when a fearful row broke out in the black-out ahead; and what was plainly a deserter, pursued by shouting male C.M.P.s, headed straight



for her, and what's more he was flourishing a pistol. She could see him plain, because some fool had left a blind half-up in one of the houses, and light fairly streamed across the pavement. Janey didn't hesitate. She hurled herself straight for his knees in a clean rugger tackle, and down they both went, the fellow catching his head a fearful crack on the kerb. Janey wasn't hurt, but the bloke lay still; and then suddenly, where she'd expected at least a pat on the back, a crowd of people—including the C.M.P.s—came rushing up and started to bawl her out like nobody's business. As she realized, through her bewilderment, much later, they were making some sort of documentary-propaganda film and this was a realistic outdoor chase-sequence, or something. Anyway, the supposed deserter was dashed away in an ambulance, and next day poor, dazed Janey came up before her O.C. It seems the chap was badly concussed and might die, and it looked as if Janey'd get broken down to private at the very least—if she wasn't had up for manslaughter.

This went on for days, right in the middle of the Normandy landings too; and buzz-bombs started coming over, to make things worse. Janey was frightfully rattled about Frenchy as well; she thought he'd be out there in the thick of it—and then, lo and behold, one night he walked right into the pub where they usually met, and in civvies. Janey couldn't believe her eyes. He wasn't his usual self either; he had let his hair grow long—a thing she never could abide, even in a woman—and when a fly-bomb cut out at least a mile away he closed his eyes before the bang. But it was principally the way he talked, Sal said. He'd let his job get him down, and been to the trick-cyclist, who had sent him on ten days' sick and talked about a psychiatric discharge and Category "E." Worse still, he had begun to mumble about wanting to do something artistic when he got back in civvy-street; and at that Janey fairly let him have it. She said, in effect, that she was blown if she'd have any pip-squeak scribbles or daubers shirking about when there was man's work to be done—she had a pretty wide command of strong Service language—and the upshot was that Frenchy walked out on her there and then. Of course Janey was ready to make things up next day;



she'd a quick temper, but it was soon over, and after all she loved Frenchy deeply, but he had vanished as if a V.I. had got him, and was nowhere to be found. Added to which, Janey came up before the C.O. this time; the film-chap was now safely on the mend, but the C.O. said there was nothing for it—they would have to get rid of her on medical grounds. Janey was stunned. She had never, even in her worst nightmares, envisaged having to leave the Service altogether. She almost broke down. Then, remembering in time that she was a Sergeant-major's daughter, she drew herself up, saluted—she wasn't on any actual charge—and left H.Q. in an absolute daze. It was then that the V.I. struck; she was in such misery that she had not even heard it cut out. Blast threw her to the ground; but she was up in a second and racing towards the crumbling house on the corner of the street...

"She managed to hold up the roof with one hand until they got everyone out," Sal told me, sitting dry-eyed but choky on the other side of the desk. "Then it fell in on her. Somehow I don't think she wanted to hold it up any longer... They let me see her in hospital before the end. She knew me all right. She put up one hand to the sergeant's stripes on her sleeve—she was still wearing her B.D. of course—and she managed to give a sort of grin. She said: 'You see, Sal? They weren't

able to strip me after all.' And that was the end."

There was a long silence. I felt a bit strangled myself. Then I said "And Frenchy?"

"Oh, I heard later he'd gone back to his job. But somehow one of the bombs he fiddled with went bang and blew him all to glory, poor blighter."

I grinned. "Not quite *all*." I held up my hooks. "Just these."

She stared at me in wonder. She said, hardly above a whisper, "Oh, Norman... Darling... But how could I have known?"

I said, "Norman French, you see—hence 'Frenchy.' It was Butch's great joke." Then I said, "Don't blub, darling. It's just one of these coincidences that don't happen much in real life—though people swallow them whole in my books."

The tears dried instantly on Sal's round cheeks. She said, "You mean—you're going to make a novel of this? After all?"

"Why not?" I said. "We'll build a memorial to Butch, together. And I know just the title for it—*In the Nick*. She was taken just in the nick of time, you see—to save her sergeant's stripes. And that ties up with her being a woman M.P., too. What do you say, Sal?"

Sal grinned. She picked up her short-hand pad and poised her pencil over it. "I say: let's go—Your Royal Highness!"

Eating Out

By R. G. G. PRICE

From a future issue of Mr. Raymond Postgate's admirable "Good Food Guide"

M'Twoto Reserve

KA'ALA'S GRILL

THIS unobtrusive place, three hundred miles south of Nairobi, is well worth a detour on a Cape to Cairo trip. Chief Ka'ala provides a warm welcome and he knows the way olives should be served. Members speak well of the *trone farcie*, the okapi ears in shrimp butter and the plantain pancakes. Palm wine by the glass or carafe. Prices not communicated but reported reasonable. (App. Jerry H.; Captain Parsons; X; Timothy Dredge.)

Communion Island

THE QUEENE'S PARLOUR

This excellent restaurant is rather easy to miss. Steer SWS by NNE from 20 N. 157/40 W. Try their hibiscus salads, baked cowries and, for a change, Lancashire hotpot from a recipe originally brought to the island by mutineers.

The wine list is on the short side. Better stick to copra beer. Payment by remittance is accepted. (App. W. Wilson Castraw; Enid.)

N. Greenland

CHEZ FITZ

Picturesquely situated, this is a good place for seafood. "Fitz" himself superintends the cuisine and his wife does the tundra. Whale steaks as they should be done, smoky on the outside and juicily tender within. A member writes: "We arrived tired and cold after a long sleigh-ride and though it was well past closing time Fitz turned out and in no time had produced a blubber soufflé that brought tears to my mother's eyes." No cellar, but your own wine is welcomed and treated with respect. Prices on the high side but value received. (App. K. T. Groom-Graham; Pro Bono Publico; Jacky.)

I'mbr'ah'am Oil-workings

CLANCY'S EETERY

From the outside this is scruffy, but once through the door you are among people who take an intelligent interest in their job. The hot dogs are served with fresh chillis and the hamburgers with Rumanian mustard. (You can always tell the difference. The stuff out of tins won't light.) The porterhouse steaks are well reported on. Try a handful of the local dates to finish off with. Ignore the barrel labelled "Wine" and stick to bourbon. (App. Pervical and Kesteven Wimholt; U.T.)

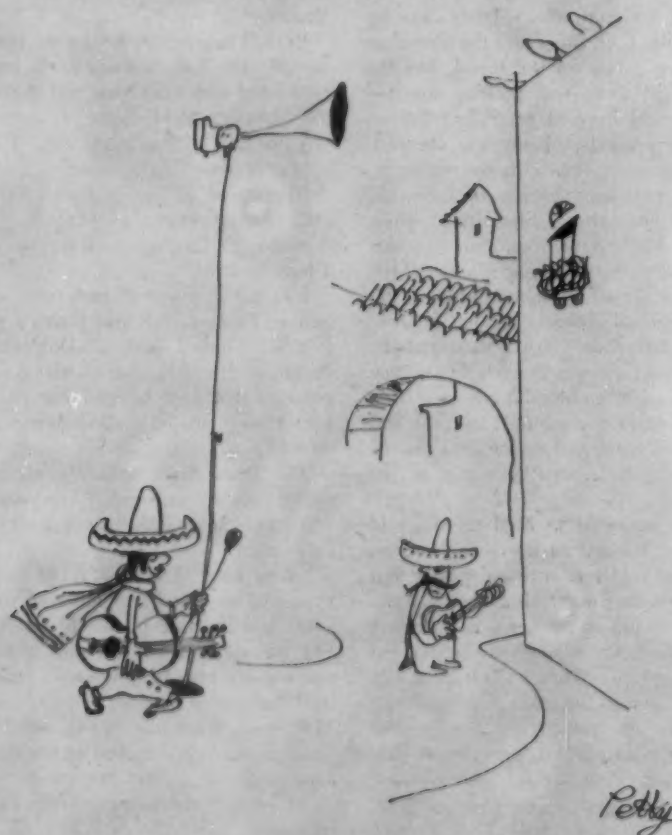
Serranilla, S.W. Caribbean

DR. LUCULLUS

The improvement in this modest little restaurant has been maintained. No *à la carte*. Limited choice, but everything cooked in best coconut butter. Hope for a day when cayman soup is on the menu. Prices difficult to report owing to profusion of different currencies in use, pieces of eight and moldores the most generally useful. If you get a chance, try the terrapin pilaff. Wines mainly local. (App. Capt. T., R.N.V.R., M.B.E.; Mrs. and Miss Pendexter.)

Satellite Five

Rocket two-hourly in season from Hyde Park. Catering has now been taken over by British Railways and full buffet service is available. Do not rely on the wine list but consult the head waiter, as owing to the absence of gravity some of the wines will take on unexpected characters. (Don't bring your own wine unless you have really thought it out.) Prices are within the main-line terminus range. There is an adequate choice and arrangements can be made for almost any ordinary dish if notice is given well in advance. The sandwiches are well made and generally fresh. The *table d'hôte de luxe* includes a choice of cheese. (App. Red Setter; T. H. Plum; Queenie and Cliff Brown.)



Our Overcrowded Courts

"TWO REMANDED IN CIGARETTE CASE"
Newcastle Evening Chronicle

One Man's Journey

By H. F. ELLIS

AT Tussock, which (as all the world knows) is ten miles this side of Carley Junction, I found a porter busily blowing dust off a pile of leaflets advertising Excursions to Haverfordwest.

"Nobody questions," I told him, "the justice of the claim that men possessed of the high degree of character and skill required to drive an express train from London to Glasgow should be amply, even generously rewarded. The responsibility of their high calling—"

"Nothing till 2.8" the man said, and disappeared into one of those extraordinary shanties where porters store pigeons and make tea. I remounted my bicycle and pedalled off to try my luck at the Junction.

The stationmaster there was feeding a blackish sort of cat with fish out of a paper bag. "It would be a thousand pities," I remarked to him, fanning myself with my hat, for it had been a warm morning for cycling, "if, despite the justice of their claim, the footplate men were to forfeit the sympathy of the general public through an ill-advised attempt to hold the nation up to ransom. The necessary machinery for negotiation exists, and should be used. Only when all else has been tried and failed, is resort to the ultimate strike-weapon justifiable and right."

The stationmaster asked me where I was for, and when I told him gave a long whistle of dismay. He had nothing of that sort in hand, or even contemplated. But he advised a bus, said to be leaving for Todhurst in half an hour, and offered to keep my bicycle safely against my return. He was trying the saddle for height when I last saw him.

"It is not altogether clear to me," I said, looking up from my morning paper and addressing the other passengers in the bus, "why the hotel and boarding-house keepers of Llandudno should have sent a telegram to the General Secretary of A.S.L.E.F. protesting against the strike and pointing out that they were losing money. Did they truly suppose that Mr. Baty, who had bravely borne the spectacle of hundreds of thousands of holiday-makers marooned at Whitsun, would

finally lose his nerve at the thought of a bunch of North Welsh publicans and landladies being out of pocket? Is there not," I asked my fellow-passengers, "a touch of egotism there?"

I was going on to stress the importance of wise counsels and give-and-take in industrial relations, but at this juncture our bus drew up at a hamlet called, I believe, Dimwich, and the driver announced that he would not after all be going through to Todhurst. Passengers who so desired might return to Carley in the same bus, which was due to leave in fifteen minutes.

I did not so desire, preferring to make my own arrangements for a cross-country dash by milk-float to Stilbury, whence, so it was rumoured, diesel cars were leaving at the rate of one every two hours for Holmingham. At Holmingham, as I pointed out to the driver of the float, one is scarcely more than half an hour's walk to the nearest trolley-bus route. Or there was the Canal. One way or another, I should get through. "The mood of the British people," I told him, as we clip-clopped along between the sweet-smelling hedges, "is one of sober determination

to carry on, whatever the difficulties. In the face of blackmail, however well-intentioned, we shall not flinch nor fail."

My driver looked down at his boots, in evident agreement, and shortly afterwards dropped me at Stilbury station, where I found a group of business men arguing among themselves how to proceed. "Cool heads are needed in times of emergency," I reminded them, and advocated the trolley-bus service from Holmingham. However, it turned out that they had already been to their offices and had left early in order to be sure of getting home in time to make a flying start next day. They expressed surprise at hearing that I was still on my way up, and one of them went so far as to remark that the way in which the vast majority of black-coated workers were getting to their desks on time was deservedly exciting the admiration of the world. They also used expressions about engine-drivers which, but for the fact that my feet had begun to swell, I should have countered at once with a short talk on the history of the rival trades unions since 1919. Nothing is gained by abuse, as my newspaper so wisely points out.



"I thought I told you to keep this section of the Museum locked during the strike."



At Holmingham, seeing the length of the trolley-bus queues, I stepped aboard a narrow boat and thus had leisure, as we drifted down on the bosom of the ancient waterway, to draft a note of studied moderation to the General Secretary of A.S.L.E.F. "Dear Mr. Baty," (I wrote) "When a narrow boat enters a tunnel its occupants are obliged, in order to keep some weight on the boat, to lie on their backs and pedal with their feet against the over-arching brickwork. I am sure that had you and your colleagues realized what this strike would mean to many who, like myself, are past the age for gymnastics, you would never have recommended a stoppage. Kindly call it off at once, and put an end to what has now become a considerable personal inconvenience."

This note it is my intention to send off as soon as I get to my office. At the moment, however, we are temporarily held up in the depths of a busy lock, where the lock-keeper is said to be striking for the right to stay at work when his union says not to. I don't know whether he realizes that, by a coincidence, he is rapidly forfeiting the sympathy of an influential section of the general public.

Waiting for the Post

BESIDE the fire at "Ocean View"

Sit Cousin Maud and I;
We doze, we scan our *Times* anew,
The leaden hours creep by.
But see! Along the windy prom
The postman makes his way!
O postman, bring a letter from
Some friend of yesterday!
So dreary is our sojourn here,
The post has come to be
The sole remaining source of cheer
For Cousin Maud and me.

Sing ho, sing hey! The golden day
That Ruth McCracken broke her thigh!
The thrilling dread with which we read
That Bessie had been fined, and why!
Sing hey, sing ho! The tale of woe
That Mary told of dear Elaine!
She drinks and *drinks*—and Mary thinks
The actress daughter takes cocaine!
The husband, Joe, is ill (sing ho)—
It seems there's very little hope;
The son, they say, is odd (sing hey),
And signs his letters, "Yours, the
Pope."

Sing hey, sing ho! Sing ho, sing hey!
Come, postman, what's the news to-day?

Ah, postman, postman, well we know
That what you bring may be
Not comfort but some cruel blow
For Cousin Maud and me:
Amanda's daughter's millionaire
Was quite a bitter pill,
And Arthur's Roifs was hard to
bear—

His knighthood harder still.
When Janet had that winter cruise
We came out in a rash
Which lasted till we heard the news
Of Eileen's motor smash;
And what tranquillity we won
From Sheila's hammer-toe
Burst like a bubble when her son
Received the D.S.O.

Yet, postman, bring us letters, do,
No matter what they tell,
For desolate is "Ocean View"
As any prison cell:
Better good news than none at all,
For bored to tears are we,
And even in the smuggest scrawl
May lurk a drop, however small,
Of honey mingled with the gall
For Cousin Maud and me!

T. S. WATT

Plastic Values

By TOM DRIBERG

THE word *plastic* conveys several related but different ideas. It is a term used in the most high-toned criticism of sculpture ("Maillol's unexampled plasticity of form"). It also recalls those delicious soft clammy lumps of dusty-pink, dusty-green, and dusty-grey modelling-stuff that one used to mould into elephants in the nursery.

In the plural, *plastics* is (are?) something that there is an Age of. Plastics include, for instance, those synthetic materials from which are made trousers that never, it is said, wear out. This is a matter of urgent domestic concern to me, and it was, therefore, with nether-wear uppermost in my mind, and in the hope of examining the latest everlasting fabrics, that I went to the British Plastics Exhibition at Olympia.

I got there early in the afternoon, and was told that I had just missed a parade of showgirls in swim-suits shimmering with sequins—a phrase that some exhibitors, or possibly buyers, were already having difficulty in pronouncing. Nor was it clear whether it was the sequins, the suits, or the girls that were plastic. However, it was inanimate rather than animate amenities that I had come to see.

I was impressed by the sheer visual beauty of so many of the exhibits. As a frequenter of West End *avant-garde* art galleries I found it difficult to believe that some of them were not "pure" art. That majestic mobile, for instance, in red and off-white . . . rigorously South Bank 1951 in style, it might have come straight from a comprehensive campus in some New Town.

"Who's the sculptor?" I found myself asking.

"I beg your pardon?" said the young man from B.I.P. Chemicals, looking round at me.

"Mind your head," I said—for the revolving work of art was, indeed, about to decapitate him—and lamely amended my original question to "What is that?"

"It's a bonnet for a Jensen 541," he said, giving me a new-fashioned (or Age-of-Plastics) look.

"Why, of course," I stammered. "I realize that now"—but I could see that he didn't believe me.

Then there were exhibits hung like pictures on the walls, rectangular,

framed: *collages*, abstracts as austere as any of Mr. Ben Nicholson's, arrangements of *choses trouvées* . . . as in the vivid display by the Streetly Manufacturing Co., of Sutton Coldfield. Messrs. Streetly's gentleman was good enough to ask if I were interested in one of these. "I was just thinking what a beautiful pattern those objects make," I said.

"That's one way of looking at it," he said; but I felt that he did not think it a very sensible way.

The objects, he explained, were pen-handles, medical spoons, cycle lenses, electric-drill bobbins, battery-plugs, electric-razor hair-pockets—and "something we're very proud of but I'm damned if I know what it is"; an endearing touch of human fallibility amid all this smooth, shining, modern splendour.

One of the exhibits recommended to me was that of Kleestron Ltd.; for here, symbolically, was shown the perfect congruity of the Age of Plastics with the Welfare State. Plastics, like Beveridge, look after you from the cradle to the grave. On one side of the stand were babies' plastic dummies; on the other was something that I had been told to look out for . . .

"Please can I see some coffin-handles?" I asked.

A stately eyebrow twitched. "Coffin—ah—handles? I believe they are referred to more correctly as coffin-furniture . . ."

There they were, anyway, solid, conventional, looking rather like bronze ("metallized" was the word used); and the peculiar property of these handles is that, unlike many plastics, they are inflammable, or at least "they simply melt away in heat"—and so are especially suitable for use at cremations.

Storeys of Lancaster brought me back to everyday life, of a sort, with their revolving doll's-house (three down, three up), built *on top of* a rockery. But what incomplete lives dolls lead in the Age of Plastics: a kitchen but no cooker or fridge (pre-cooked plastic foods?), a double bed and nursery but a sitting-room with only one chair, a bathroom with bath and (inconveniently placed) looking-glass but nothing else . . .

Here, however, was a wide range of

fabrics—and this reminded me of my original quest. How about those trousers?

I knew the name of the stuff I wanted. I thought I knew who made it. I approached, with suitable deference, the majestic stand of the Big Brother of all plastics—Imperial Chemical Industries. I asked to see some of the stuff.

This was clearly a *gaffe* that only an ignorant layman would have made. If I.C.I. is the big brother of the industry, my trouser-fabric is the little sister—and the little sister who has left home. "They're on their own now," said I.C.I., ICily. "Practically independent. We don't think they care to show here."

This was shattering. Perhaps I had been guilty, all along, of a fundamental error? How are plastics defined in the trade? Don't they cover synthetic material for trousers?

I sought authoritative guidance. The little sister is, apparently, a bit of a problem child. "They *know* they're plastic," was the reply (in the voice that mothers-in-law use when saying "She *knows* what's right"), "but they won't face up to the fact."

So I suppose I shall simply have to face up to, or even merely face, crawling back to my tailors.

Your Metaphor's Splintering

"What sounded like the thin end of a nasty wedge was hinted at during discussion of a motion from West Lambeth . . ."

Manchester Guardian



Hollowood

"My first husband wouldn't have stumbled while he was carrying me."

A Close Shave

By G. W. STONIER



FOR three or four days I'll be scraping away, then I slide a new blade out of its dispenser, smile as it wipes off the bristle, and cut myself.

Some pimple barely perceptible has had its top sliced off. How it bleeds! I try walking round with a face towel; the flow seems to have stopped, but as soon as I pull my shirt on it will start.

When I turn up the collar to knot my tie one wing will receive a smudge that will sadden me all day.

So I bend down to seize a corner of the big bath towel, and first blot and then press, press gently, and then stuff the corner away, spotted red like the lily, but soon to rust.

The only alternative would have been to use (inconceivably) my clean handkerchief, or a dirty one, which I don't fancy. Before the war one used to be able to buy styptic pencils, with iodine at the other end; but being non-absorbent they spread blood like sealing-wax, and when that had to be wiped off it would all start again. Also it stung.

And at the moment when this happens there's a knock at the door—the postman with something he can't stuff through—or the telephone bell rings, or one's missed the District Forecast and there's some vexation about warts or waffles. The time of day! Oh, the time of day! This isn't one that will haunt me through busy mornings or slack afternoons, evenings out or at home; but every eight o'clock, how insistently, how piercingly it comes round!

I am bound to cut myself. Had I gone on using the old blade it would not only have been laborious and painful

but would have left some plantation under the jaw which my hand, thoughtfully exploring later, would have discovered. And it's not a cut but a nick.

The other day on the telephone a friend, talking about a friend whom he'd encountered, after long absence, remarked: "Poor old Z—on the way out, I'm afraid. He had cut himself shaving: bad sign."

"Suicide?" I suggested.

"Nervous breakdown, anyway."

Then, in a mirror, I noticed the cut—the nick—by my Adam's apple.

* * * * *

My father, employing a cut-throat, used to shave while he studied a small paper pinned on the wall: this contained the essentials of some language he was picking up—Afrikaans, it might be. While he repeated in a voice loud enough to be heard by all, "Daar staan twee moie ykebome by di hek," he would cut himself.

He didn't seem on the way out—having in fact a good thirty years to go—and at breakfast he would heartily announce himself with "Goeie morrer, meneer," to which we would reply "Goeie morrer, meneer." Pink dabs of shaving paper about his cheeks lent him a savage gaiety.

He owned a shaving mirror, though he rarely looked in it. Circular, held by a metal stand, it could be tilted to any angle. We set it on a shelf and looked up; or on a low window sill and gazed down, as into a pool; and most exciting of all—it could be swivelled round to bring a magnifying mirror into play.

This fascinated me, and still does. The mirror has become mine. On rare mornings—that will twist into hallucinatory or inquiring days—I switch over, approach very close, and encounter such spectacles as will daunt the first space-men. Every hair, shaven or unshaven, is distinct; and catching the daylight in such a way as to focus brightness, I set off.

Slopes, pits, promontories, chasms confront me. The maps I know—that passport photograph, or the snap at the Zoo—are quite useless. I wander over rubberized surfaces pitted and stained, and in some places underspread with leaf-veinings. Features are too big to be recognizable as such, but one day



STONIER

with a shock I did discover overhanging grottoes: my Nose! And another time I surprised a hair, growing tall and straight out of my Nose. How long it had been there goodness knows, but I managed with forefinger and thumb to root it up. This isn't so easy as it may sound. Then the configurations of Lips, Ears, Eyes are curious, to say the least of it.

George Groddeck, much revered as a father-figure by the elect, has a passage in his *Unknown Self* on Noses, which I feel I must pass on:

"And then there are the deep-set eyes, eyes that behave as though they were withdrawing from the world, perhaps only in order to observe it more critically."

Mine? At the moment they are cold buttons. Our instructor goes on:

"Protruding eyes betray curiosity and anxiety lest they should not see enough, or perhaps show continual disgust. And the squinter draws attention to his nose, the symbol of his strength or his virility, by either looking towards or away from it."

Fancy that! And moving the glass to and fro, so as to take in both eyes, I find I'm squinting dreadfully at this moment!

One morning I opened my Mouth: heavens, what a glistening, red, palpitant cave, with a stockade such as Robinson Crusoe might have put up, but behind it a furred monster arched to spring. Tongue! And behind Tongue, Uvula! It wobbles. I'm slipping, lost. Once more Esotericism comes to my aid:

"The technique is simple enough. Every morning and evening after cleansing the root of the tongue with water by the aid of the second and

third fingers, it is drawn out and stretched in all directions in order to make it supple and flexible. In order to grasp it firmly it is necessary in the beginning to use a piece of cloth. Silk is preferable. This is to be continued until it is possible to touch the tip of the nose with the tongue. The tongue is then turned back on itself in the effort to suck it as far as possible into the throat. Eventually one can swallow it with ease. As soon as the sensitive nerves in the affected region are accommodated to the touch, all unpleasant sensation will disappear. Six months should be spent in developing the practice. Ultimately one will be able to go about with his tongue turned back all the time."

This is from Theos Bernard's *Heaven Lies Within Us*. He became an accomplished tongue-swallower, and delightful are his reminiscences of early days:

"While perfecting this practice I suffered many embarrassing moments. As soon as you have swallowed the tongue, the mouth begins to fill with saliva, which you are advised to swallow. I would be studying or walking along the street, with a mouth full of saliva, when a friend would call out Hello. My usual reaction was a great gulp, which it was difficult to explain away, except by the remark that I had been day-dreaming."

Mr. Bernard used to fascinate me (I can still see him standing on his head in the corner while his landlady asks whether he'll be in to supper) at a time when my *Good Soldier Schweik* had been borrowed; and then he was borrowed, and only these two passages, which I copied out, remained. My own Tongue, I believe, would never be swallowed.

When I come to Chin—a most difficult terrain, reminding me of

musical-box cylinders—I can't help wondering about beards. They are creeping in. Some only get as far as the jaw fringe, linking up past the ears, and framing the face naked. But obviously one couldn't stop there. For one thing there's a monkey that affects just that style; and inspiration, abandon lie other ways. A beard should be a beard. Could Tolstoy have become a father of the novel without his? And how would Bluebeard have fared if he had been Bluechin? Most of all I wonder about George Killingworth—that mysterious agent of Elizabeth I—with whose five-foot beard Ivan the Terrible used to play.

Abruptly, twirling the razor I'm too late or lazy to clean, I come back to the small-scale world where I'll pass as smooth.

Once in a while I go to be shaved by the barber. How furious are all the other customers waiting for hair-cuts! How far back one sinks! What a terrible moment is that when the barber approaches! He has stropped his great blade, he raises both arms like a conductor, he palps the flesh, brings his eyes—upside-down—close. But he never cuts. If he should . . .

"Whether it was the feel of the warm sun on his back, the memory of his own Cup-Final triumph years ago, or the knowledge that a team must soon be chosen to tour France, Spain, and Portugal, Matthews chose this day to demonstrate that rarest of miracles—the spectacle of a veteran of matchless skill and limbleless resource playing with all the freshness and sprightliness of youth."—*Manchester Guardian*

No handling, no kicking.





The Elegant Myope



THIS season, spectacles can be just as silly as hats, and that is saying something. The elegant myope who needs to wear glasses all the time does not make a virtue out of her necessity, she makes a vanity of it. In the delicate art of putting oneself over, spectacles have become a very important accessory.

Men, of course, have always made use of them in the architecture of character-building. In China they were regarded as a symbol of wisdom, a mark of degree; many a wise, clear-sighted mandarin had plain glass in his great round bamboo frames. Leather framed spectacles tied to the ears with string were the sign of a man of substance in seventeenth-century Spain. In more modern times,

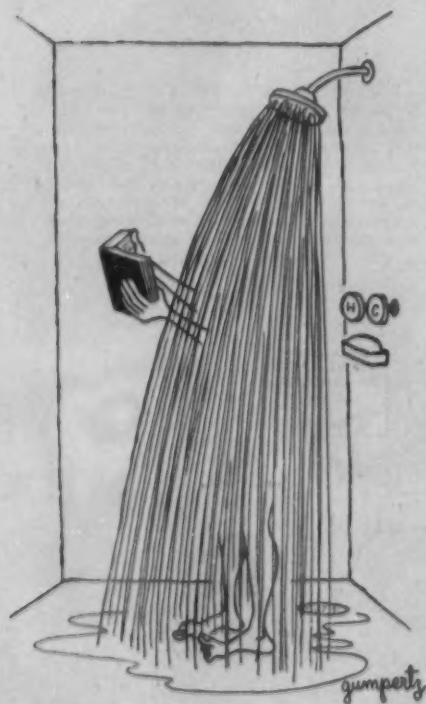
in the nineteen-twenties, no American who wished "to win friends and influence people" could afford to be without horn-rimmed glasses, however keen his sight. Horn-rims did to the meaningless face what beards do to receding chins; in a world of dominoes, it was the double-blanks who wore the thickest, boldest rims.

Feminine vanity, on the other hand, does not lie so much in trying to impress with prosperity and success as to bowl over with beauty, grace, and charm. There are no early records of women wearing spectacles. Through the centuries ladies have worked in dim-lit castles at their interminable tapestries, in country houses at their unnecessary needlework and still less necessary water-colours, all without benefit of glasses. No urban society lady would admit to any weakness of sight. While men of fashion found the quizzer and the spy-glass telling elegancies, all that the lady of fashion could have was a little spy-glass hidden in her fan, or a magnifying glass in her scent bottle. Lorgnettes for ladies came later, for elderly ladies only.

Sun-glasses were the first spectacles to become accessories to the feminine mode. This was when it became the thing to go to the French Riviera in the dazzling summer instead of, as before, only in the paler sunshine of the winter months. Dark glasses, through this association, came to give an air of continental chic and idle richness. But to understand just why dark glasses aid attractiveness whereas clear glasses are a handicap to be overcome, it is necessary to recall the masked face at a ball: it is the mystery behind the mask, it is the glamour behind the dark lenses. For the wearer, it is also the sensation of being able to gaze unabashed, of being gazed at unembarrassed; it is boldness with the blinds drawn.

Now that dark lenses can be made to oculists' prescriptions, sun-glasses can be worn when one actually *needs* to see as well as to be seen. Fashionable frames, this summer, are not white. They may be tortoise-shell, jet black, or a primary colour such as blue or red—no timid, tentative pastels. There are fantasies in ceramics from Italy. There are shaggy sunflowers fringed with raffia, and rims with rays like cartographers' suns. Some are touched by a pleasing looniness, some have a saving wit. Profile edges (that is, rounding at the sides almost like goggles) are a becoming new idea. Out-and-out goggles there are as well; even square-paned goggles with dark side-windows so that light cannot leak in at the corners, yet vision is not impeded. These are more for men than women; men with strong square jaws, broad shoulders, and hair just greying at the temples.

Everyday spectacles are just as highly-charged as sun-glasses: shaped as swans, trimmed with love-birds, some with earrings hanging from their side-pieces, the day of decadence is at hand. Upsawpt, harlequin, grasshopper, elfin . . . is it not time to call a halt? Time, indeed, to cry mercy! Yet the cumulative effect is such that even she who most genuinely wishes to contract out of the glamour game begins to feel dissatisfied with her existing glasses. They look old-fashioned, they smack of National Health. A new pair, she thinks, would do more for her than a new hat; her new hat will do nothing for her without new glasses. She may have them matched to her dress, with a piece of the very material laminated into the frame. She may have an assortment of detachable frame-tops which will go with many different dresses; or rimless phantom glasses, or two-tone frames; or frames with a rim at the top only, or else at the bottom only so that the line



of her eyebrow shows. She may prefer the new wavy side-pieces which are less severe than ordinary straight legs. If she wishes she can have glasses designed to her hair-style, or a hair-style designed to her glasses. She must, there's no help for it, have several different pairs for different social occasions.

For evening, spectacles have turned into conversation pieces. Studded with coloured stones or diamanté, the best are the work of jewellers' craftsmen and can be matched to earrings and necklace. Diamanté clip-lorgnettes, however, have the greatest evening elegance, entirely free from the taint of necessity. These fold in two to form a dress clip, the back of the clip being the handle of the lorgnette. Less expensive folding lorgnettes are made in tortoise-shell, and sometimes coloured plastics. So modish, indeed, have lorgnettes become that one optician is extending the vogue still further back and introducing copies of eighteenth-century spy-glasses: first-rate accessories for First Nights.

Lorgnette gestures, carefully studied, can be effectively employed with spectacles proper; and an aid to such pretty by-play is the "Speclet" chain. This is a gilt chain which clips to the end of each side-piece and goes round the back of the neck. Primarily for public speakers who need spectacles for glancing at their notes, it is quite a thing for anyone who frequently takes her glasses off and on: and everyone *should*. For the art of wearing spectacles effectively, femininely, is not to let them be a static feature of the face. Taken off and on, swung in the hand, used for the pensive stroking of the chin, the absent-minded tapping of the teeth, the doodle on the table-cloth, spectacles are an instrument of flirtation as was the Edwardian fan. Only imagine! When sitting *tête-à-tête* there is the playful tap on the partner's shirt-front with the dainty jewel-studded glasses . . . followed by a blushing retreat behind the lenses till the music starts again.

ALISON ADBURGHAM

Brutal, Licentious . . .

"If the Turkish Straits were to fall into enemy hands there would be little to prevent an entire enemy fleet from debauching into the Mediterranean, Lord Mountbatten said."

The Manchester Guardian



"Will it wash?"

The Leucocyte and I

"I remember . . . watching the movements of a sluggish leucocyte in its laborious efforts to escape from a blood capillary." —Santiago Ramon y Cajal, quoted by Sir Charles Sherrington.

I SEE my sluggish leucocyte
Contrive at last to disengage
His length, and ride at ease the slight
And sluggish blood of middle age,

As bright in the brown brook the bream
Browses and broods and does not fail
To hold the slow September stream
With just reciprocating tail.

Adapted to the world he meets,
The leucocyte lives out his span
In useful idleness, and eats
The wastage of the state of man.

Only if suddenly the tame
Contentment of the blood responds
With flush and freshet to the name
Of Churchill or to passing blondes,

The leucocyte, like man, resents,
But does not hope to comprehend,
The outer rings of vast events
Beyond his universe's end:

And though, beyond his farthest fears
And unimaginably worse,
My death may bring about his ears
His whole organic universe,

Just when and how disaster might
Leave all creation inchoate
The longest-sighted leucocyte
Is seldom moved to speculate.

Each cell of all my self survives
Its day within my longer day.
I am the sum of many lives,
More, but no more alive, than they.

P. M. HUBBARD

He Loves Me . . . He Loves Me Not . . .

DEAR COUSIN HARMONY,—
Your friend, Lucia Lee, who writes the Beauty Articles in your magazine, has been ever so kind to me and helped me a lot with my face. Now I have a quandary which is like the ones you write about in your Puzzled Hearts Page, so I'm writing to you instead.

I think your Puzzled Hearts Page is wonderful, and you must be a wonderful person, knowing all about Life. It must be marvellous always to be happy, being able to cope with everything and all the right answers. I often think I don't know any answers at all let alone the right ones. I think you must be ever so happily married, too, if you are, which you must be, knowing all about men. And that's *something*, thinking of men.

My friend Cyn wrote to you once when she had her husband on her mind, and had a lovely letter from you. Doug, that's her husband, had been going around for days looking funny and being off-hand. Then one morning when he was getting ready to go to work at half-past seven Cyn said Doug. And he said What, what is it, what is it? And Cyn said Oh, you didn't answer

By MARJORIE RIDDELL

me like that when we were on our honeymoon, you don't love me any more, do you? And he said Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

So Cyn wrote to you and said what should she do, there was Another Woman. You wrote back and told her she had nothing to worry about because it would just be an infatuation and she was to sit tight until he came out of it and change her hair style. Well, she was doing all that when suddenly it turned out to be mumps, so it was all right and I can't tell you how glad we all were. But Cyn was so thrilled with your letter that she's kept it, just in case, and given all us girls a copy.

Well, now, I'll tell you what my Problem is. I know ever such a nice boy called Roy, but I honestly don't know what to make of him. He's got a sort of stern, cruel look that's ever so fascinating if you know what I mean, and his hair grows to a sort of twist in the nape of his neck. It's the Rocket Cut, which is the very latest thing as I expect you know. Well, sometimes when we have a date he gets there on

time, but sometimes he's late. He says he's been kept at the film studios where he works, and I suppose he could have been, but it makes you think, when you think of film studios. And his Union. So what do you think? Is he in love with me?

He's never actually said he is, but that doesn't really mean anything, as you told Worried Buttercup from Hemel Hempstead last week. I've had this trouble before as a matter of fact, with Norm. Norm was before Greg, and Greg was before Roy. Norm was the silent type and it was really trying, I can tell you. I tried to make him say he loved me but he wouldn't. He said that sort of thing was all very well for film stars and foreigners.

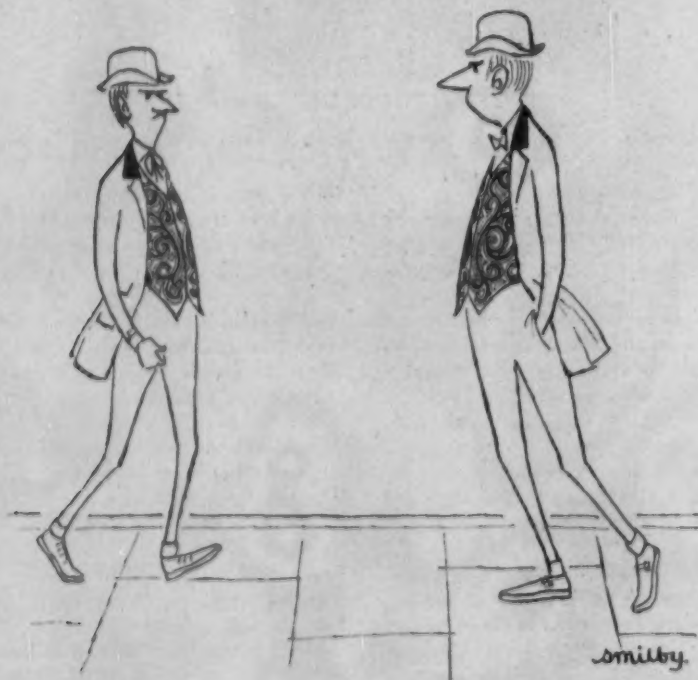
If you don't know whether Roy is in love with me or not, which I expect you will, being you, but if you don't can you think of some kind of test I can give him?

That story in your magazine about Kalleen and Frederick called "No Room In His Heart" gave me the idea. Kalleen found out Frederick loved her when she fell into shark-infested waters and he rescued her crying through clenched teeth Oh, Kalleen, Kalleen, I've been a mad, mad fool, there's room in my heart for you now! I thought of getting Roy down to Brighton and falling off the pier but I found out he can't swim, and anyway you have to think of your clothes, don't you? So it would have to be something easier, and if you could suggest something it would be simply wonderful. I don't think Roy could fight a mad bull or anything like that.

I expect you're wondering what happened to Norm, aren't you? Well, I wouldn't admit this to anyone else, but my friend Vi pinched him from me.

Yours truly,

JENNY JAY



"If you have recently changed your address tell all your friends by 3d. per word and save you and your announcing it in this column. Change of address notices cost only friends a lot of trouble and misunderstanding."

Derby Evening Telegraph

Price at the cheap, too.



"Could I have a word with you—alone?"



Thrift and Post-thrift

ARNOLD BENNETT'S Denry Machin, better known as "The Card," made his money by private enterprise. He dealt in alum property, organized profitable lifeboat trips at Llandudno, sold candid beach snapshots and invented a queer confection known as "the Chocolate Remedy." But his rise to affluence in the Five Towns was due to the remarkable acumen he displayed in launching the "Universal Thrift Club." It was "the very contrivance which they [the good people of the Potteries] had lacked for years. They saw in it a cure for all their economic ills, and the gate to Paradise." The first client "was inscribed for three shares, paid eighteenpence entrance fee, undertook to pay three shillings a week, and reserved a document entitling her to spend £3 18s. in sixty-five shops as soon as she had paid £1 19s. to Denry."

The "Universal Thrift Club" was not a new idea. Similar "friendly" societies were popular throughout Lancashire and Yorkshire in Edwardian times; and they have been popular ever since.

When the thrift club reaches beyond the confines of direct trading it does so through the post and mail order business. In America the mighty catalogue of Sears Roebuck is a national institution: from it the cowboy of Texas, the lonely farmer of the mid-west, or the hillbilly of the east can order anything from a napkin to a truck, and he usually pays less for his purchase than he would on a visit to the nearest store. In Britain the need for a mail order shopping system seems less obvious, but as Mr. Wolfson and others have discovered we are becoming as addicted as our Transatlantic cousins to the charms of the never-never.

Littlewoods—of football pools fame—run one of the largest of British mail order businesses without incurring the heavy costs and risks of hire purchase trading. The scheme is a variant of the "Universal Thrift Club" principle. An organizer, rewarded for his or her efforts by a 12 per cent commission on total sales, recruits the members of the local "club," collects their weekly subscriptions (which average about four

shillings per head) and sends them on to Littlewoods. Lots are drawn to decide the order in which members receive the goods they have selected, the lucky ones getting theirs long before they have paid for them. Littlewoods deal entirely on a cash basis and dispatch no goods until the necessary subscriptions have been received. They are in fierce competition, therefore, with many large houses which operate mail order business on an H.P. basis. Their advantage is that their list prices are somewhat lower—about 7 per cent lower—than those of the H.P. traders.

Postal trading is a remarkable phenomenon in a Welfare State. Littlewoods alone have some two million club members and about 125,000 organizers or middlemen. These

merchant adventurers are recruited by a variety of methods, by circularizing voters' lists, Press advertising and door-to-door canvassing, and the average cost of launching a new club runs to about ten pounds. The catalogues, 300-page efforts in full colour, cost 7s. 6d. each to produce.

Mail order businesses are not, of course, very popular with people engaged in more conventional branches of retail trade, but they now have an important rôle in the national economy. One useful feature of their operations is the fact that they help to iron out seasonal fluctuations in production. They can afford to buy in bulk during periods of otherwise slack trade, and as a result they can buy cheaply, "under-buying" the average retailer by as much as ten per cent.

MAMMON



Luxury Lettuce

ONE of the advantages of living in the country is that you can save a considerable amount of money by growing your own vegetables. At least that's what we're told.

I would like to blow the gaff on this fallacy. I will give the figures which lie well behind the lettuce which I've just eaten. I admit it was good. At that price it ought to be.

Like most amateur gardeners, I sustain my enthusiasm for digging and hoeing by employing a gardener to do it for me. Though the old fellow is nearly seventy, he wields a spade much more youthfully than I do. And as I say whenever it is suggested that deep trenching would be good exercise for me, if I didn't employ him the craft would soon become extinct. So for several altruistic reasons, I pay him 4s. an hour to dig the garden over. This takes eight days during the winter; another ten are spent forking it back and putting the dung well under and getting good tilth. By the time this microscopic vegetable plot is ready for seed, the outlay stands at about £20; not forgetting the time I squander myself

watching him do the work. And I see I've forgotten to budget for the days he spends when it's wet pottering about the greenhouse in order to raise plants for himself and the entire village. However, those days are a mere item, and when giving the breakdown of the cost of a homegrown lettuce, a mere odd fiver here and there is hardly worth mentioning.

For, by the time the seedlings are planted out once, killed by frost, replanted, then devoured by slugs a couple of times, we are finally driven to purchasing more plants from a nurseryman. But I won't count the cost of these either. We'll be fair, and just add the fourteen odd days during the summer spent hoeing, jawing and drinking tea. Let's not exaggerate, say £12 to cover that, plus, of course, another £5 wasted on sprays, insecticides, raffia, gossip and more tea.

True, we do get three rows of shallots, some perforated cabbages and some hollow carrots, and an occasional bundle of asparagus beside the two dozen or so lettuces. But discounting the rest as being worth about 30s., one's left with the wholesome fact that my lettuces cost me about £3 apiece. Which figure explains perhaps why my wife looks a trifle bewildered when I complain about her extravagance in buying frozen vegetables when we live in the country and can grow them ourselves so much more cheaply.

RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICE

Live Mind

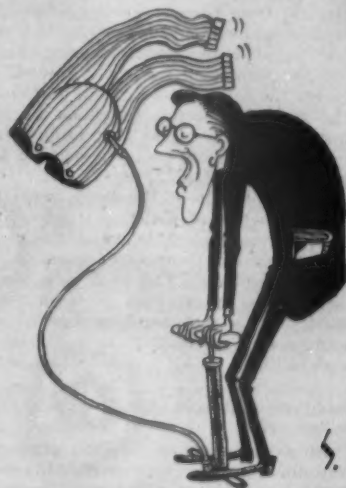
(Penguin have reprinted ten of Aldous Huxley's books)

IT is as difficult to stand back and judge Mr. Aldous Huxley's work as it is to see critically the architecture of one's school. The middle-aged reader has a loyalty born of gratitude to him and a feeling of guilt. The attacks in the late 'twenties and early 'thirties seemed so convincing at the time; he was the arch-middlebrow, the suburban housewife's guide to culture, the successful journalist with a good selling formula of sex and artiness and experimentalism. He attracted another generation of the young after the Slump by providing a highly intellectual case for pacificism; and with the revival of interest in religious experience his studies of mysticism appealed to the lost as well as the cranky. As an amateur philosopher he dabbled outside the curriculum and came back with awkward problems for the professionals, like psychosomatic phenomena and precognition. Far away in California, given an additional respectability in the eyes of the intervening generation by knowing Isherwood, working obstinately despite near-blindness towards the light, he became respected as a good man. He somehow made California sound more like a desert than a vast suburb of Hollywood.

No longer do the severe need to point out that he is not in the same class as Lawrence or Joyce or Eliot. It is as pointless to call him a cut above Joad as to call him a cut below Whitehead. He lives comfortably in a class of his own, like his master Peacock, though he is a much more varied writer, with a better mind and more to say. He has the conversational exuberance, the sheer fertility in making new patterns out of facts and ideas, of Chesterton, with far more knowledge and sensitivity. He is an inexhaustible quarry. He has something of Wells, the sometimes naïve curiosity, the eagerness to seize what is going on, the vision, the gaiety, the schoolmasterly sense of duty to expound and to lead. His comedy is often like Wells, a likeness that has been missed

because he knows a different patch of English life. The hangers-on of the Arts, the museum curators and silly rich women and sexual experimenters are as vividly rendered as Wells's shop assistants. Both Wells and Huxley are uncertain outside a very narrow range of class and place.

He reads too much and writes too much, so that he achieves nothing that is complete and perfect. There is always a feeling of haste and thinness,



as though he had decided his gifts were for rapid improvisation. *Crome Yellow* wears well, like so many first successes whose vitality is held up against later, more solid achievement, but a novel like *Those Barren Leaves* seems to have come from a superficial layer in the personality. It is all very bright and amusing but not memorably funny or moving, and it drags, coming suddenly alive in particular scenes: there is no life in its whole. Probably most of the hard writing and feeling has gone into books like *Proper Studies*. The narrative in the later books like *The Devils of Loudon* or even *Time Must Have a Stop* is much brisker.

It is not quite true that he is purely an essayist using the novel as a rough framework for conversations. The conversations themselves can be dramatic and there are memorable

scenes in most of the novels, pieces of grotesque invention or high spirits, but it is difficult to remember any Huxley characters. *Grey Eminence* and *The Devils of Loudon*, apart from the extreme originality of the conception, have a rounded reality because as we can never get nearer to the past than books and monuments will take us, this is all that can be known about Father Joseph, while we feel that more can be known about Philip Quarles, and Huxley does not know it. It is part of his remoteness. Somewhere between the humbly-explored, God-facing side of his own personality and the literature and art and architecture and science there is a gap made by the absence of the texture of life. His lovers are chilly to the touch. His constant reference to French and Italian art of the post-renaissance rarely evokes a poem or a picture or a building.

Huxley has been attacked for a negative, Swiftian disgust. This is nonsense. All the praise of non-attachment and anti-materialism cannot hide his pagan delight in the Flesh. He is, on the whole, a rather invigorating writer. His advocacy of a Gandhian approach to politics is a misconceived attempt to cope, not a flight from responsibility. It is the reaction of a non-political mind to a political situation.

The bulk of his output is against him. Posthumously it will be winnowed. He will live for his comic talent, his odd, penetrating pre-vision, his eye for the relation between things never before connected and his verve. As each book nowadays is completely different from the one before, his best work may still lie ahead. He may emerge from his spiritual exercises with quickened emotions, a belated maturity of feeling that will bring music into his prose, poetry into his fiction.

R. G. G. PRICE

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp

The Road. Harry Martinson. Cape, 15/-

"People don't bother to rearrange their faces for a tramp," as the son of Cigar-master Bolle found when, rebelling against the fantasy-life of a "Cigar-Spaniard" in a Swedish tobacco-factory,

he took to the highways and forests instead. Laughing servant-girls gave him wooden sandwiches with a dead mouse between; a "Tantalus-meal" was served by a sadistic farmer; a murderer rowed a straw dummy, dressed in the finery of his female victim, across a lake; an avaricious peasant starved himself to death with an old black pudding, hidden in a cupboard, for sole companion. As compensation, there was a sad idyll with a lonely cow-girl, and encounters with fellow vagabonds: Groff, the Assiduous Pig, "a kind of nomadic belly," or the Sailmaker, who'd lived in country so remote that the crofters believed the ocean to be a man called Ossian. Yet the effect of this delightfully discursive book is never depressing, for the author's devastatingly disabused vision of life is imbued with poignant lyricism and a wry, truly individual, brand of humour. Mr. Maurice Michael's translation reads like an original.

J. M.-R.

The Wise Man from the West. Vincent Cronin. Rupert Hart-Davis, 18/-

Father Matteo Ricci, S. J., hovering in Portuguese Macao, at last entered China at the invitation of a mandarin interested in Western mathematics. This was in 1583, when the land still embodied some mediaeval fantasies; it was a vast sealed empire at least, and at best shrouded the legendary Cathay of Prester John. More importantly, it remained the largest missionary field since the days of St. Paul, and although Father Ricci's endeavours there were not the first, they are unequalled in tenacity.

He never left the East, which absorbed him as surely as he strove to win its inhabitants. At times the affair was almost a comedy of manners, as he

wooed the Emperor with mechanical clocks and taught the Imperial musicians the art of the clavichord, but these niceties were balanced by occasional harshness and frustration that called for the greatest long-suffering and determination. Mr. Cronin writes a delightful account, a little exuberant at times, of the urbane and resourceful Italian priest who entrenched the Church in China.

P. A. D.

Bonjour Tristesse. Françoise Sagan. Murray, 7/6

For those who have maintained down the years a simple faith in French literary taste, *Bonjour Tristesse* will prove alarming. That this novel was a best-seller in France is not surprising: that it was awarded the Grand Prix des Critiques is astonishing. The author, aged nineteen, has all the confident pretensions of the clever adolescent. Her desire to shock is not aggressive, but the reader cannot fail to be aware of it. Her story is lifted straight from French popular fiction. A sensual widower and his young daughter are adopted by an intelligent, high-minded woman of forty who intends to marry the father and save the girl from the amoral existence to which he has introduced her. The girl, finding her freedom curtailed, plots to destroy the impending marriage.

The first half of the book, with its strong flavour of Colette, is satisfying enough: the second, in which the girl's plot meets with disastrous success, is far from convincing. The book as a whole displays the unevenness of observation inevitable in a young writer whose sources are more likely to be in literature than in life.

O. M.

Pudd'nhead Wilson. Mark Twain. Zoda Press, 12/6

In a long, solemn, slightly perverse introduction to this very pretty edition of *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, Dr. Leavis suggests that it is a book belonging to "sophisticated literary tradition," a neglected classic. The Mississippi community of Dawson's Landing represents for him, on the evidence of a quotation about its snug houses with their window-boxes and cats, "a society that has kept its full heritage of civilization." This is an odd approach to a minor work of Twain's, full of his shrewd awkward humour and infused by his characteristic sentimental charm.

The theme is the disastrous results that follow the exchange of a one-thirty-second part negro baby and a white baby. Twain's irony in treating this situation seems nowadays very mild, yet in its own time and place the use of any kind of irony was remarkable. *Pudd'nhead Wilson* is, pace Dr. Leavis, a book fixed very firmly in the verbal tradition of American nineteenth-century folk art. Possessing its own rough liveliness, it can yet hardly be called without absurdity a neglected classic.

J. S.

The Acceptance World. Anthony Powell. Heinemann, 12/6

The third volume of Mr. Powell's continuous novel, *The Music of Time*, is again built up on a number of social occasions. The characters, some unmentioned since *A Question of Upbringing*, wander in and out, are seen from new angles and provide gossip. The period is the Slump and as the forces operating become clearer the writing becomes more explicit. The don Sillery walks in a Hyde Park procession and Quiggin, the aggressive scholarship boy, becomes secretary to a best-selling novelist and swings him from Modern Art to Dialectical Materialism. All the themes are not public; the narrator's love affair is analyzed ruthlessly and respectfully, something quite new in English fiction. I regretted the absence of Widmerpool until the last sequence; however, this is one of the funniest Mr. Powell has ever written.

I liked *The Acceptance World* best of the volumes that have so far appeared. There has surely been no comic novel of this scope and subtlety for years.

R. G. G. P.

The Slaughterhouse Informer. Edward Hyams. Longmans, 12/6

"So far as it can be described," says the note on the book jacket, "this is the story of . . ." And for once a publisher puts his finger on his author's weakness. Mr. Hyams seems not to have decided what he intended to write about, and the result is a novel with patches of high entertainment, streaks of determined satire, an assembly of characters often presented in close-up when they should be in long-shot and the other way round, and a plot (so far as it can be described as one) which is a mass of contrivances and irrelevancies.

Much of the observation is sharp, much cruel, but at the end the reader is left wondering what it has all been about. Perhaps about too many things. The author would more successfully utilize his undoubted gifts by concentrating his fire.

J. B. B.

AT THE PLAY

The Reluctant Debutante
(CAMBRIDGE)

Dylan Thomas Growing Up
(GLOBE)

The Lost Generation (GARRICK)

WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOME is the right man to guy the summer fledgling traffic, and *The Reluctant Debutante* arrives aptly. With an eye to an early marriage its heroine has been dragged from her pony, carried to London, and flung by her ambitious mother into a desperate round of deadly entertainment; her father, a gentle cynic fortified in his ordeal by an excellent cellar, can afford to buy peace. The field is led by an ill but dumb heir to a peerage, but owing to a telephone confusion a young man comes to dinner



"Doesn't seem all that long ago since we were complaining about no papers to read on the trains."

whose reputation heads the black list, and he takes full advantage of the mistake. Not until the girl is compromised and her mother nearly insane with worry is it discovered that his past is blameless and his future secure in a five-star Italian dukedom.

This is an artificial comedy, because nobody could imagine CELIA JOHNSON, who plays the mother, behaving so idiotically, and although WILFRID HYDE WHITE is cast delightfully as the father, no parent so fond could face with such superb equanimity his daughter's suspicious absence in the middle of the night. But lightness and invention save it. The first scene depends too much on the telephone, the second on the more mechanical jests about the season; but after that Mr. DOUGLAS HOME manages skilfully and wittily, so that the play improves, through a number of sharply comic situations, all the way to an enviably neat curtain. Miss JOHNSON has the hardest part, and triumphs. Her resource in the long session at the telephone is splendid. Most of the best lines, some as crisp as wafers, go to Mr. HYDE WHITE, and the dry inconsequence of his delivery doubles their effect. The character of the rebellious girl is given charming force by ANNA MASSEY (Raymond Massey's daughter), a very interesting recruit, and JOHN MERIVALE keeps us guessing happily about the intentions of the dark horse.

EMLYN WILLIAMS's fascinating experiments in transferring literature to the stage enter a more difficult phase with *Dylan Thomas Growing Up*. With no make-up, and no props except a chair and a bundle of tattered notebooks to which he never refers, he becomes in an extraordinary way Thomas telling us about his youth, in words taken mostly from his prose writings: Thomas trapped in childhood in a hideous Swansea that was his whole world, Thomas preached at in a barn by a mad cousin, recollected by his schoolmaster, meeting all sorts of odd characters, finding out about the country, and about girls. Mr. WILLIAMS makes all this astonishingly vivid, and with the addition of a few short poems seems to take us right inside the mind of the young poet. He uses a minimum of gesture, relying on his beautiful Welsh voice and a power of mimicry which has never been so well shown off. It is indeed a marvellous technical feat, that kept an ordinary lowbrow first night audience laughing continually. One curious point emerged, that as a humorist Thomas employed much the same tricks of extravagance as Dickens. At home his enormous uncle was like "an old buffalo stuffed into an airing cupboard . . . his braces straining like hawsers."

The Lost Generation is a sincere but inept play that deals, rather late in the day, with the moral transformation of a fighter pilot. A musician who thinks patriotism childish, he starts the war in



Jimmy Broadbent—WILFRID HYDE WHITE

(The Reluctant Debutante)
Sheila Broadbent—CELIA JOHNSON

arrogance and ends it in humility, going back, after being badly burned, to be killed in action. PATRICIA HOLLENDER makes him plausible, though tiresome. When he comes back from hospital, scarred and with his hands ruined for the piano, he is full of bitterness and self pity; the understanding of his mother and of an American girl with whom he falls in love gradually thaw him, and an experience in the blitz in a home for blinded children completes his lesson in growing up. At their simplest the scenes with his mother are moving, though even here too much is said and too little suggested; some of the other scenes suffer from windy philosophy, and one, in which the boy's ex-mistress makes brazen advances, is embarrassingly novelettish. Miss HOLLENDER is at home with fighter types, and clearly might write a much better play if she could cut some of the cackle and stick to her central theme. NORA SWINBURNE plays the mother sympathetically, and MICHAEL BRILL manages with resource the boy's change of character. GLADYS HENSON and CHARLES LAMB provide the cockney background to the blitz, and LESLIE PHILLIPS comes straight out of a Spitfire if not perhaps out of the House of Lords.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker (New—1/6/55) for cheerful bigamy. *My Three Angels* (Lyric—25/5/55) for cheerful murder. And of course *Danny Kaye* (Palladium—1/6/55) if you can possibly get in.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE BALLET

House of Birds
(SADLER'S WELLS)

THE *Kinder* for whom the Brothers GRIMM devised their fairy tales, so-called, were tough young Teutons. No one thought of protecting them by horror-comic legislation; which is just as well because the brothers' macabre tale of a witch who delighted to snare pretty young girls and their sweethearts, and change them into birds to be kept in unending captivity, has provided KENNETH MACMILLAN with a theme for a ballet which is strikingly out of the ordinary. It was performed for the first time last week at Islington and deserves a place in the repertory.

The Spanish composer FREDERICO MOMPOU, from whose piano pieces JOHN LANCHBERRY, the company's conductor, has concocted a melodious and unobtrusive accompaniment, can scarcely be reckoned a collaborator; but it is otherwise with the designer of the settings and dresses, NICHOLAS GEORGIADIS. His contribution is so brilliantly imaginative and so eloquent of jungle cruelty that it haunts one's memory long after the fall of the curtain. His hot, Piperish, colours and the crazy structure of the bird-house exude evil. The dresses, particularly that of the witch-like Bird Woman, are just the thing for an aviary of such sinister repute. The story tells how the lover of a maiden caught by the Bird Woman eludes her grasp, but breaking into her fastness, releases the captives, who

thereupon peck her to death. General rejoicing and the reunion of the lovers brings down the curtain on the happiest of notes.

Mr. MACMILLAN, a young Sadler's Wells dancer, has evidently given a lot of time to bird-watching with the result that the movements which he skilfully relates to the classical technique of the ballet give the beholder the pleasure of recognition and to the work generally an enlivening air of originality. As the Bird Woman, DOREEN TEMPEST, her face concealed by a large predatory beak and with horrid prehensile claws, achieves as grim a piece of repellent characterization as the balletomane can be expected to stomach—an outstanding performance. Her victims are called upon to display the more attractive attributes of birds and do so very prettily.

The parts of the young lovers could hardly be in better keeping. MARYON LANE is a charming and versatile dancer with a sense of style which distinguishes whatever rôle she essays. In *House of Birds* she has added to her artistic stature. DAVID POOLE is something much more than a self-effacing and trustworthy partner. The pair dance a *pas de deux* in which Mr. MACMILLAN's choreography is most poetically expressive of romantic youth. Whoever is responsible for the lighting deserves a "credit" in the programme. C. B. MORTLOCK



AT THE OPERA

Der Ring des Nibelungen
(COVENT GARDEN)

A. "GOOD to see Hans Hotter back as Wotan. Every inch a god."
B. "Quite. And doesn't he know it!"

A. "What's the poor man to do? Look apologetic and hangdog?"

B. "Well, I do feel he might blush a bit. He's too cool and crushing and perfect by half."

This is a fairly straight transcript of what I heard in the crush room during the second interval of *Walküre*. B. was talking nonsense, of course; but it takes an actor-singer of genius to spark off nonsense as gay and tortuous as this. Mr. HOTTER's Wotan is in some ways prodigious. To begin with, he has the physical build for the part. Of many another Wotan I have heard such things said as, "I know he's a pudgy *rentier* off-stage, but what *mind* there is in his singing!" Such pleas make bad worse. The first requisite is a Wotan in the body. Mr. HOTTER gives us this as nobody else could.

His gestures are a majestic music that derives from classical painting. In Nibelheim he seated himself and spread his robe like the Moses of Michelangelo. On mountain heights he threw down his spear, picked it up again and swapped it from left hand to right hand with sustained dignity, as if posing for Titian, Leonardo or even Annigoni. In this

production Wotan's spear still looks like a harpoon, but, so compelling is Mr. HOTTER's presence, we do not fret about it any more.

One small point, however. Wotan is expected to sing. And Mr. HOTTER sometimes sang badly. Why must he force so? In the second act of *Siegfried* he filled his lungs to capacity (an impressive sight) for phrase after phrase, then let rip—if rip be a suitable word for sounds that approximated to a throbbing bellow. He seemed to be addressing himself not so much to the Grand Tier as to the back gallery at Drury Lane. It isn't as though he was involved in heavy orchestral weather. The Garden has a new Ring conductor in RUDOLF KEMPE who lets the orchestra erupt only when it is time to erupt and sees to it that when there are singers about the voices stay on top of the stream.

Having had my grumble, I must own that even when megaphoning Mr. HOTTER is awe-making, and that when his voice is under control Wagner's god is truly in his heaven and so are we.

So far this year there has been nothing quite as good as the third scene of *Rheingold*. Nibelheim with new lighting looked like a sinister ironworks, which is just the thing. Here Mr. HOTTER was joined by ERICH WITTE (Loge), OTAKAR KRAUS (Alberich) and a Mime (PETER KLEIN) who for inspired sub-humanity goes one better than Paul Kuen's last year, which is saying much. I do not expect ever to see or hear quartet playing of greater intellectual keenness than this.

RAMON VINAY gave us a Siegmund with lovely (and apt) Latin notes in his middle voice. Mr. SVANHOLM a routine Siegfried and Miss HARSHAW a Brünnhilde who stayed strong and bright all the way except for the less tractable bits of the *Siegfried* love duet. For those who remembered her gleaming Chrysothemis last season, LEONIE RYSANEK's Sieglinde fell rather below the ear's expectation. JEAN MADEIRA, the new Erda, has a finely burnished voice. Instead of rising from underground for her big briefing of

Wotan (*Siegfried* Act III) she had to edge awkwardly round an angle of rock. What began as a singularly bald forest glade (*Siegfried*, Act II) now has trees, but Fafner the dragon is still caveless and lurches on from the wing. Hunding's hut, roofed and lighted at last, looks so commonplace that I almost prefer Mr. HURRY's original murk.

Götterdämmerung is at times exasperating to behold. By way of magic helmet, Siegfried wears an absurd spangled yashmak. There being no funeral pyre on the stage in the last act, Brünnhilde sets fire to Valhalla by pitching an obviously electric torch into the O.P. wing, where it is fielded or lands with a thud according to the luck of the occasion. But these things were supportable, hardly noticed, indeed, against the night's orchestral splendours and general musicianship. Mr. KEMPE's speeds were *Wagnerian*; no need to say more than that. The tone and phrasing he obtained from the woodwind and strings were historic.

The strength of RUDOLF HARTMANN's production of the *Ring* as a whole lies not in this stage trick or that but in his handling of the musico-dramatic tensions and conflicts. For five hours on end he makes me believe that the people on his stage from Wotan down really live, suffer, aspire. It is only the morning after that sanity comes flooding back and I tell myself that, as *Weltanschauung*, the *Ring* simply won't do. CHARLES REID



AT THE GALLERY

Royal Academy 1955

TAKEN *en masse* modern R.A. exhibitions show an improvement on those of the between-war decades. There is less flashy, disingenuous portraiture, although it has not by any means disappeared; less vacant or holiday-mood slapdash landscape, and less of the crazy subject picture, whose incongruous agglomerations of figures seemed aimed solely to baffle the spectator. In the past, only occasionally, relief was to be found in a portrait by Sickert or John. Now a handful or more of genuine painters produce, yearly, works of interest and distinction.

This time, it must be admitted, it is Annigoni who steals the show. His portrait of the Queen has earned a marked popular success. First because he has produced not only an admirable likeness but presented it (surprisingly perhaps in view of some of his productions) with a dignity worthy of the occasion. In addition the work is carried out with a technique reminiscent of the venerable past, and with that skilful and meticulous finish which, beyond all other qualities, commands the respect of the lay spectator. Beside this canvas the work of many other popular portraitists will look laboured and amateurish.

Among those heroic figures who both retain their individual characters while



Sea Ranger

pursuing their own particular painting problems (the latter often more abstruse than that of Annigoni), at the same time producing satisfactory likenesses, must be mentioned Rodrigo Moynihan (whose "Penguin Editors," seen first a few weeks ago at the Leicester Galleries, gains from the larger space afforded to it at the R.A.), Professor Wheatley, Henry Lamb, John Napper and Robert Buhler. Both Wheatley and Lamb have, in widely differing ways, performed the difficult feat of producing well-knit family groups. Two painters of townscapes afford welcome evidence of individual research and discovery—Carel Weight, whose interpretation of melancholy suburban scenes is both nostalgic and humorous, and Chamberlain, whose even more dismal urban streets yield many exquisitely observed and rendered passages. And Edward Le Bas has planned and painted his "Model Resting," No. 67, with a mastery which is always increasing in his work.

ADRIAN DAINTRY



AT THE PICTURES

I Have a New Master

Violent Saturday

THE original title of the French film which is showing here as *I Have a New Master* (Director: JEAN-PAUL LE CHANOIS) was *L'École Buissonnière*—literally "The Hedge-School," with I suppose a side-reference to *faire l'école buissonnière*, to play truant. It is a pity that English has no phrase with similar associations, for this is a perfect title for the story of a little village school in Provence which is revolutionized by the methods of a new master, M. Pascal.

The school is the centre of the story, but we also get to know the village and its fruity characters (this is the Pagnol country, and one feels that Raimu might appear at any moment). Some of them are local notabilities who are outraged by the new man's changes, and others, parents of the boys at the school and no less shocked at first, gradually begin to approve as they find their sons showing unprecedented evidence of brains.

Their sons, only: for the girls at the school are taught by the retiring master's daughter, who sticks to her old father's system of enforced learning-by-heart and disapproves of the new methods as much as he—or feels called on to behave as if she does. But the girls soon become restive, seeing their brothers positively enjoying themselves at school as M. Pascal encourages them to learn by practical experiment and by conducting their own "research projects" on anything that happens to interest them. They write reports, and at last, provided with a small printing press, they set out with enthusiasm to publish their reports at ten centimes a time, to the great annoyance of some of the elders mentioned therein. The climactic scene, a *viva voce* exam., attains a remarkable pitch of suspense.

*I Have a New Master*

M. Pascal—BERNARD BLIER

On paper it may seem that the school—full of apathetic or hostile little savages—is won over with unlikely ease, but the film is so well done—the direction of quite large groups of children in lively talk is incredibly successful—that the whole thing is convincing as well as pleasing. BERNARD BLIER is excellent as the new master, and he is supported by several richly amusing character performers and a number of clever (and, as I say, wonderfully directed) Provençal children. It is a most attractive and enjoyable piece.

Against all expectation, CinemaScope does seem to be adding some valuable quality to even the kind of film one would have expected to be as good as possible without it. *Black Widow* was a good whodunit improved by CinemaScope, and now comes *Violent Saturday* (Director: RICHARD FLEISCHER), in its main outlines a straightforward crime-and-suspense thriller, which would be good in three-by-four black-and-white, but seems to me immeasurably strengthened and improved by CinemaScope (or three-by-eight) and colour. I enjoyed it very much.

I'm not overlooking certain obvious sentimentalities and near-sentimentalities and an ending that seems bathed in a radiance too warm to be true. But for most of its length this picture of a bank robbery in a little copper-mining town is admirably and most entertainingly done.

The bank robbery itself comes in the last half-hour; before that we have seen the preparations for it, as they go on unnoticed in the town's ordinary life on Friday and Saturday morning. (The hold-up is planned for five minutes before the bank closes at twelve.) Here

too we get to know the local characters, but still more important this time is the scene: CinemaScope is used very well to show the size and extent of the copper mine by which the town lives, and on a smaller scale for many beautiful visual effects—I remember with pleasure a golf-course scene in which a couple talking walk into and out of the shade of some trees. Such moments may appear irrelevantly decorative, but it is precisely the decoration that gives this picture its freshness, its enjoyable quality—and without any slackening of interest, for the tension always mounts.

The most memorable personages are the three gunmen, headed by STEPHEN McNALLY, and TOMMY NOONAN's comic little bank manager. VICTOR MATURE is a resourceful hero, VIRGINIA LEITH is a personable newcomer, and among the tiny parts is a clever job by SYLVIA SIDNEY.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

With *I Have a New Master* the excellent short *Picasso* continues. A very good new one in London is *Marty*, of which more next week. *The Dam Busters* (1/6/55), *The Vanishing Prairie* (20/4/55), and the good unpretentious thriller with the amusing dialogue, *Five Against the House*, may also still be found.

New releases are not very distinguished; *Three for the Show* (18/5/55) is an elaborately mounted show-business musical with good bits. Don't overlook the earlier ones *The Prisoner* (4/5/55) and *The Constant Husband* (4/5/55).

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Growing Pains Again

IF Sir George Barnes has been correctly reported his speech the other day to the British Federation of Master Printers contained several strange and disquieting observations.

On the subject of coloured television he was something less than enthusiastic. Colour, he said, is the enemy of plot, it has no meaning, it is mere sensation . . . It is the hand-maid of display, for its appeal is to the eye rather than the mind. Well, well. We have heard arguments of this kind before. It is fatally easy for the experts in any art form to fall blindly in love with the so-called classical discipline of the medium, to accept physical limitations of communication as pre-ordained, inviolable and indispensable. There are people who consider theatrical scenery superfluous, who still prefer silent pictures to "talkies," who maintain that real music began and ended with Bach, architecture with Wren, poetry with Milton and painting with the Pre-Raphaelites. There are people so wedded to the restrictive practices of sound radio that they regard television as licentious.

It is quite possible that coloured television will repeat all the early mistakes of coloured movies, and that its growing pains will be uncomfortable and prolonged, but in the long run writers, actors and designers will surely welcome the challenge offered by the additional "dimension" and eventually utilize it to increase their powers of communication and entertainment. Why should plot be destroyed by flesh that looks like flesh? Is there "meaning" only in the artificial half-tones of black-and-white photography? And how can "the Archers, the



SIR GEORGE BARNES

Dales and the Groves . . . the ordinary person's home, modern dress and panel games," appear more drab in colour—as Sir George suggests they would—than in muted greys and off-whites?

Another of Sir George's points concerned the subjugation of TV's light entertainment by the colony of comics reared at Broadcasting House. The radio comedian (he said), dependent entirely on his voice, has almost killed the music-hall, home of the clown, the dancer and the acrobat, but television is now bringing back the turns for which sound broadcasting by its very nature has no use. Yes, this is true. And every regular viewer knows that turns "lifted" direct from music-hall are unbearably dull on the little screen. Quite the best of TV's lighter programmes has been the Saturday night show "Café Continental," but custom has clearly made its finite variety terribly stale, its trampoline experts, contortionists and conjurers horrible bores. Television comedy cannot thrive on

material borrowed from other media.

Original TV comedy is at present extremely rare, chiefly because—as Sir George has pointed out—our comics are nearly all trained on steam radio, and because they now regard a TV appearance as an essential prerequisite of box-office success on the halls. Vicious circle.

One example of comedy devised specifically for television—in my opinion a *perfect* example—was the recent miming turn called "The Three Charlies," in which Harry Secombe and friends took the mickey out of all theatrical gymnasts. This was a quite brilliant performance, beautifully subtle, superbly ridiculous and owing nothing to radio or film. Yes there is such a thing

as original TV comedy.

Rather late in the day I should still like to congratulate Grace Wyndham Goldie and her team on the excellent marathon presentation of the General Election. For nearly twenty-four hours the screen flickered with a succession of interviews, commentaries, expert analyses, and on-the-spot glimpses of the election in progress, and not a single item in the long and complicated sequence proved tedious or lacking in discretion. The performers to sparkle were the "anchor man," Richard Dimbleby, urbane, genial and authoritative, and David Butler, eager, bustling, openly proud of his slide-rule legerdemain, and very helpful.

The programme was lavishly illustrated (no other phrase will do) with charts, maps and diagrams, and I gather that many viewers found them beyond their comprehension. To such depths of ignorance can an audience descend when it is spoon-fed with a diet of parlour games.

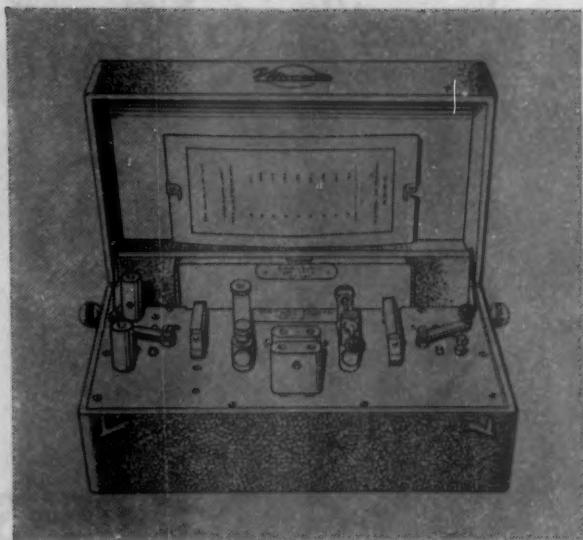
BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



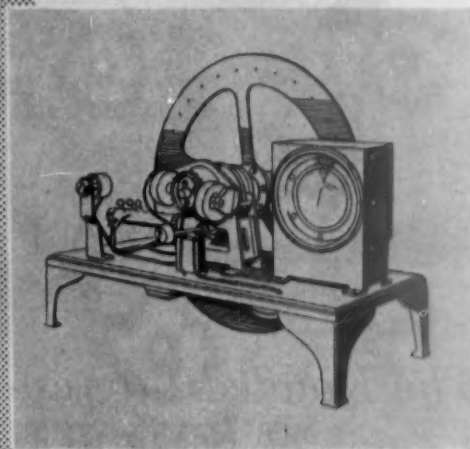
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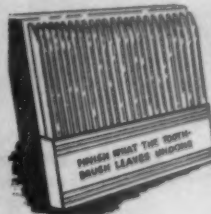
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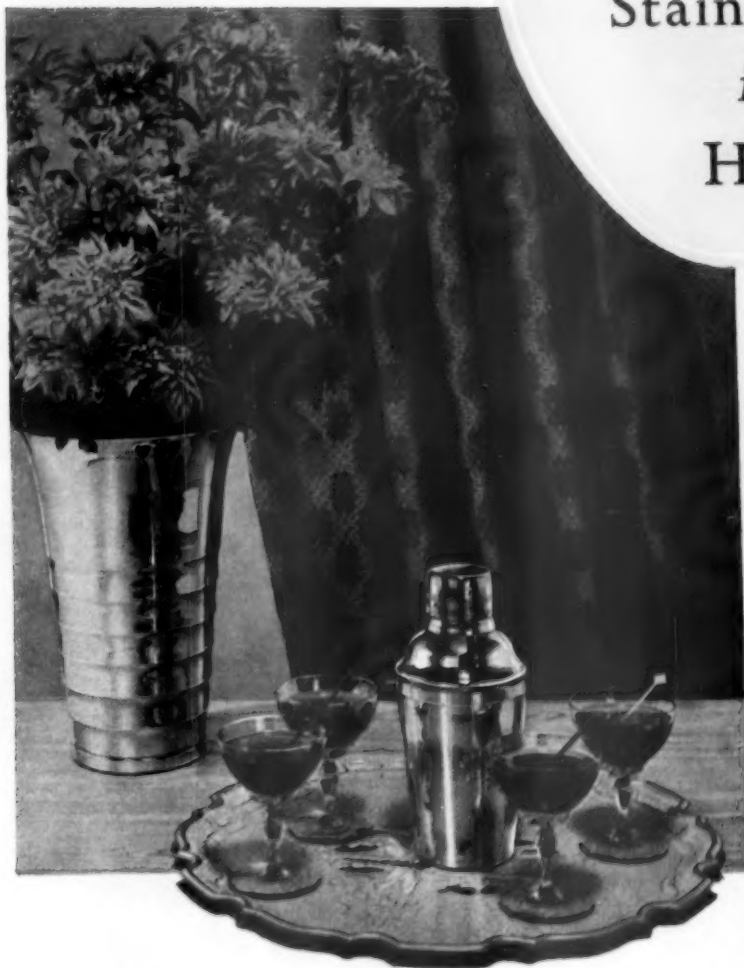
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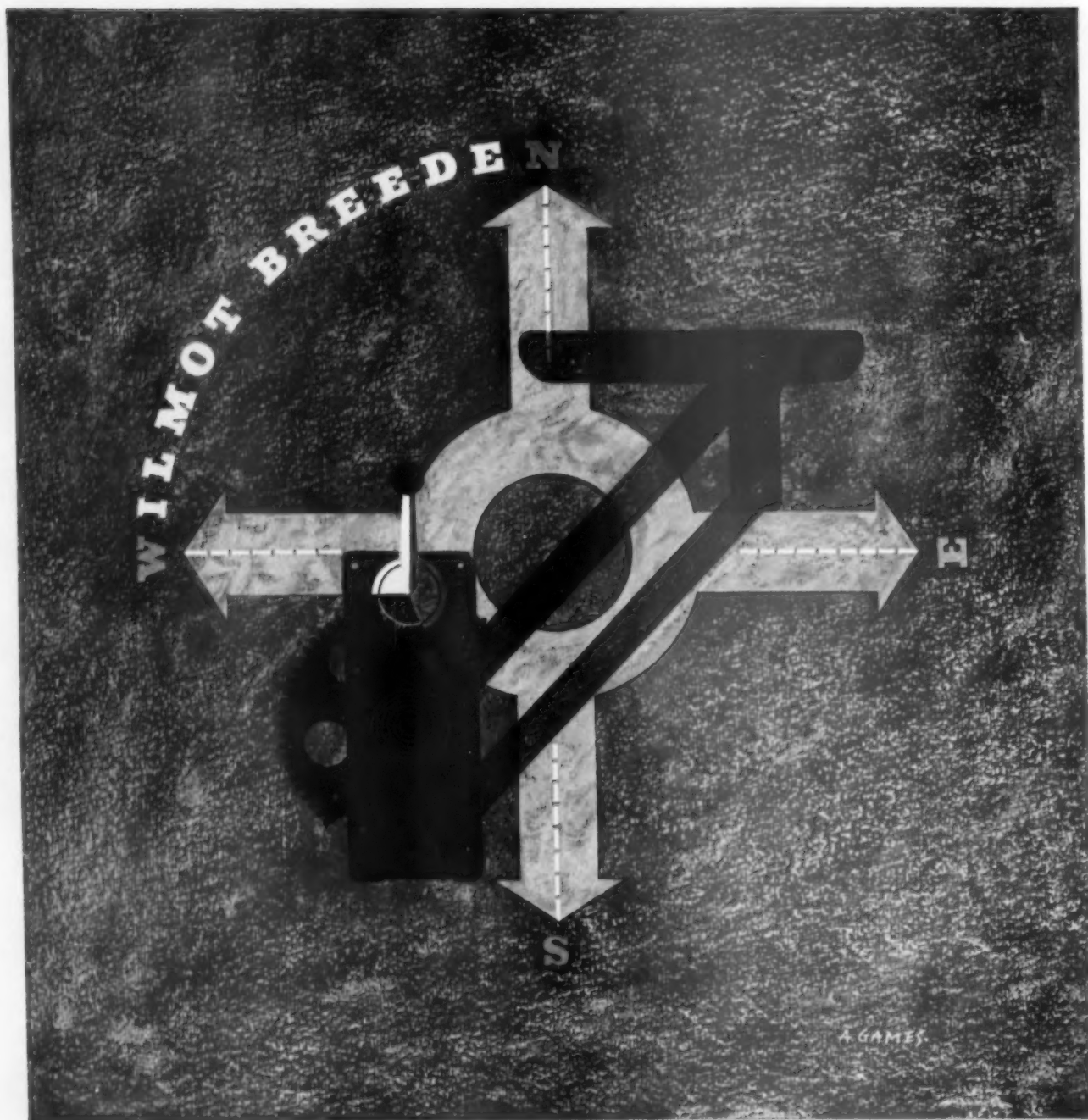
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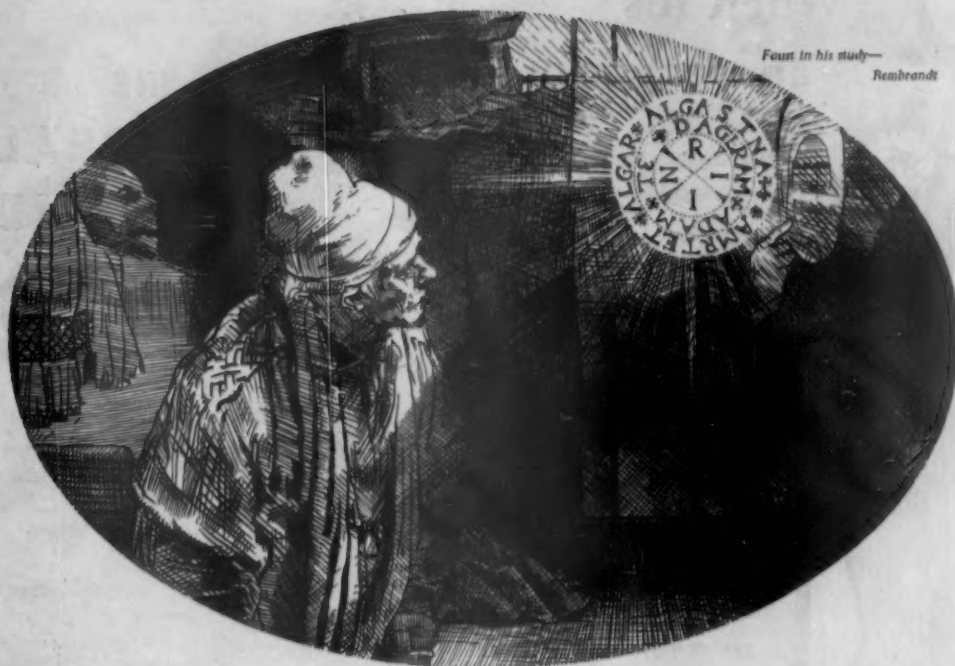
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THERE IS a small group of men whose names will live on. Their faces and voices are overwhelmingly familiar. In the newspapers, on television, on the radio, the impact of their personalities is inescapable. So is the impact of their words and actions on our lives.

It would not be fitting to mention their names, for they include royalty, the heads of states, great service chiefs and statesmen. But next time you see them or their pictures, look at something you might normally overlook—the watch on their wrists. That watch will most likely have been made by Rolex of Geneva.

We are proud that Rolex watches serve so many eminent men. Accustomed though they are to the very best, they often express amazement at the accuracy and dependability of Rolex. We are pleased that they soon take it for granted.

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"I've got a book of bedtime stories, too, son."

"Ain't it true, Chief?"

"Tisn't so much not true, son, as not significant. What you might call flannel."

"How come, Chief?"

"We've got calorifiers, steam mains, unit heaters, drying rolls, autoclaves, moulding presses, slides jacketed pans and open steamers in the canteen, and heater batteries on the air conditioning plant. Drayton-Armstrongs are O.K. for these. We've no intricate evaporators or heavy oil tanks where we can't return the condensate, so those don't worry."

"But Chief, it says in my book —"

"'Nother time, my lad."

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"My Daily Mail" by *ENID BLYTON*

INTO our house every day come many newspapers, for we are a family that likes to read not only the news, but all the differing opinions and comments on what is happening in the world today. We like to compare them and discuss them, and to arrive at balanced conclusions if we possibly can.

Now among our pile of papers is the Daily Mail, and I have been asked to say what in particular I like about it. First, I like it because it is a responsible paper, and has integrity and good judgment; it is not hysterical nor is it dictatorial, and it is not continually riding hobby-horses. Second, it treats its readers as sensible, decent people, asking for accurate news,

intelligent comment, and fair criticism. As a writer for children I am especially glad to see that the Daily Mail recognises the importance of many juvenile problems of today, and gives them prominence at the right time.

Perhaps the thing that impresses me most in the Daily Mail is the quality of the leading articles in the front page. Leading articles set the tone of any paper, and those in the Daily Mail are always sane, unbiased and well-informed, and are, besides, vigorously and lucidly written. In them we find the standards of this paper, and sense an integrity and responsibility very welcome to many of us today."

PLAY SAFE

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"Oysters Rockefeller," I said experimentally to Sue the waitress. "How is the service?"

"Terrible," Sue said. "This constipation makes me slow on my poor feet. Sometimes I feel like climbing into the cash register and getting someone to ring 'No Sale'."

"I'll give you a tip," I said.

"Make it piping hot," she countered.

"Piping it is," I said mysteriously. "What can you mean?" she asked.

"That 30 feet of piping inside you. Everything you eat has to pass along it. And your bowel muscles have nothing to pull on in the soft, starchy foods we eat nowadays."

"What comes next on the menu?" she asked.

"Something horrid, I'm afraid," I said. "Constipation makes you feel as if you ordered cement instead of scampi. The only thing for you is bulk."

"Where can I get that?" she demanded.

"Kellogg's All-Bran, as the first course for breakfast, gives you bulk. It's a delicious food, and it makes you 'regular'."



"Shall I write that down on my pad?" Sue asked.

"I should if I were you," I assured her.

I left a worn-out waitress, and returning four days later I found her looking as though she no longer had too much on her plate.

"All-Bran is certainly the right order for me," she exclaimed.

"Check, miss!" I said triumphantly.

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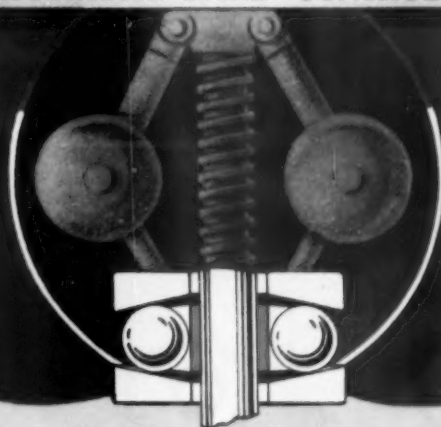
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